

10¢

BIG SHOT



OUCH!

UNCLE PHIL,  
ARE YOU SURE  
YOU KNOW THIS  
TRICK!?







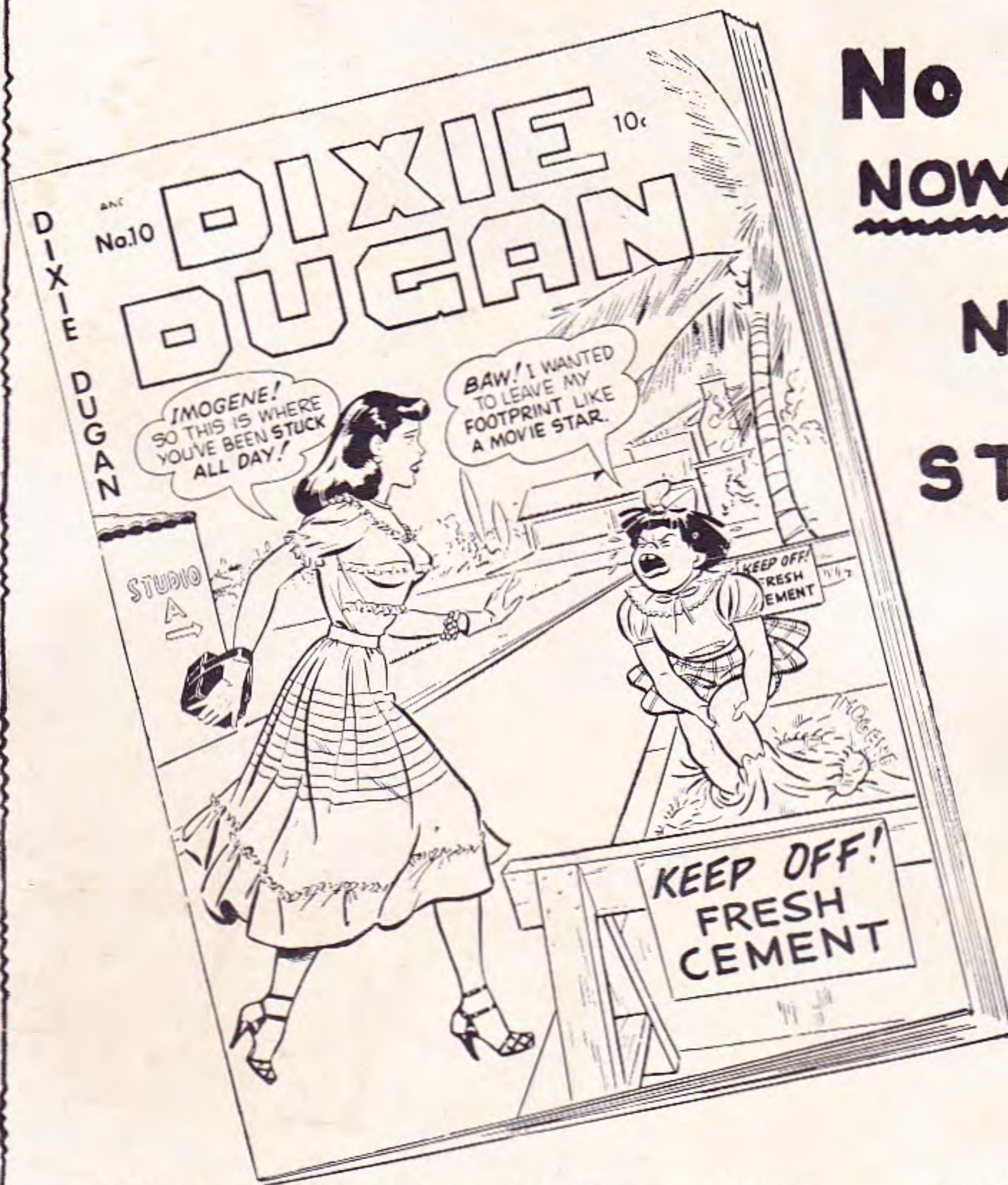
**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# DIXIE DUGAN

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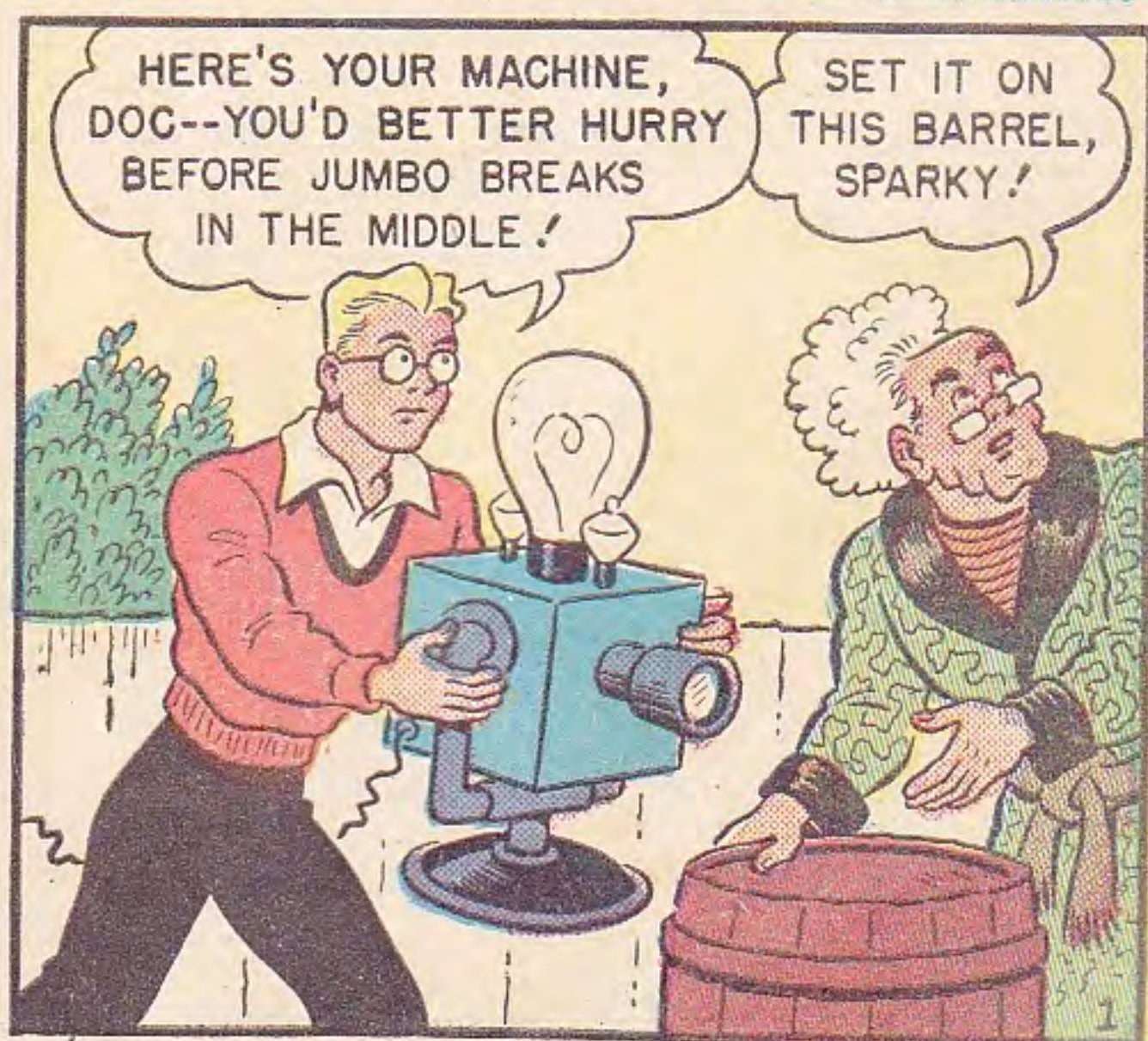
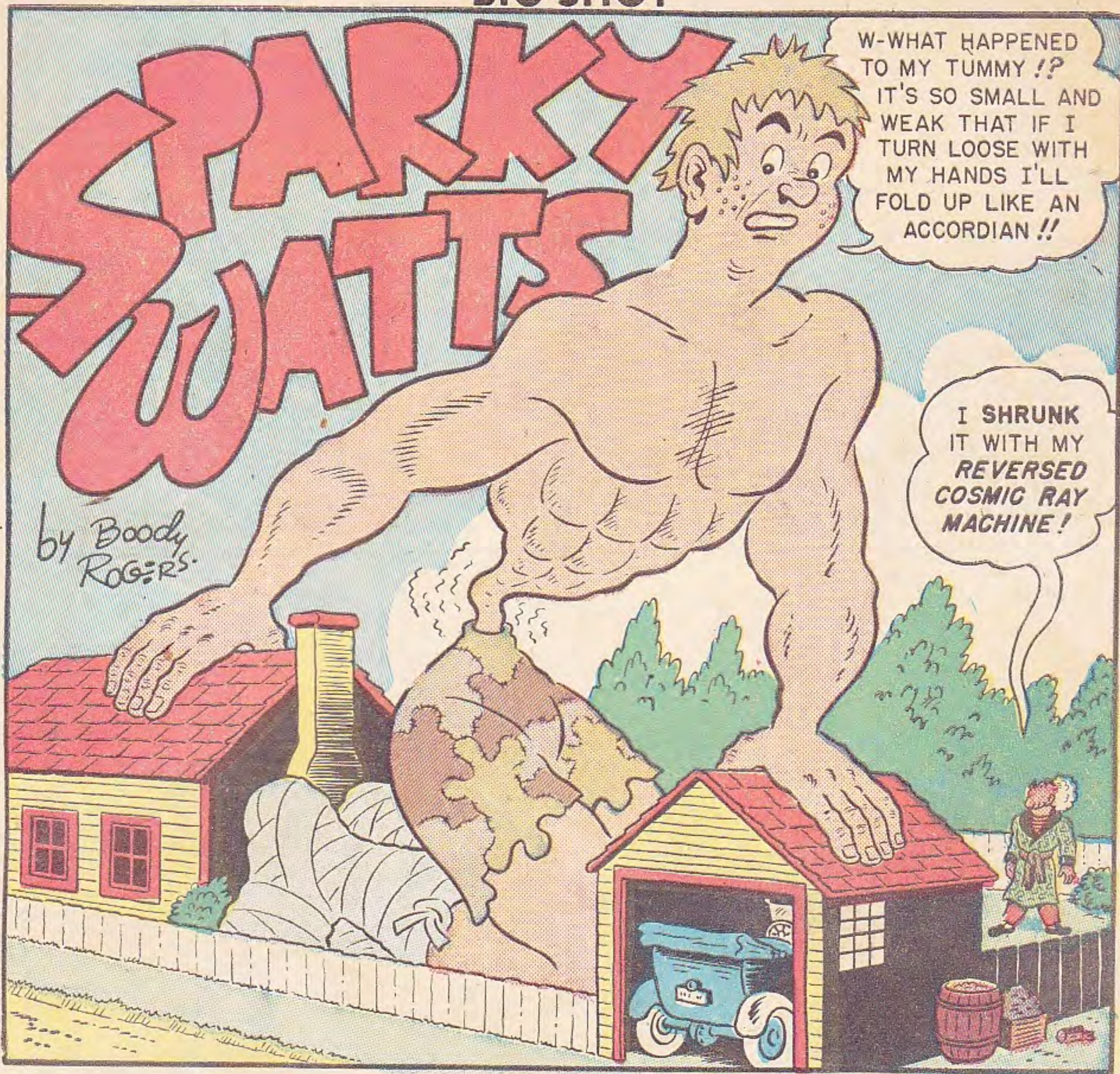
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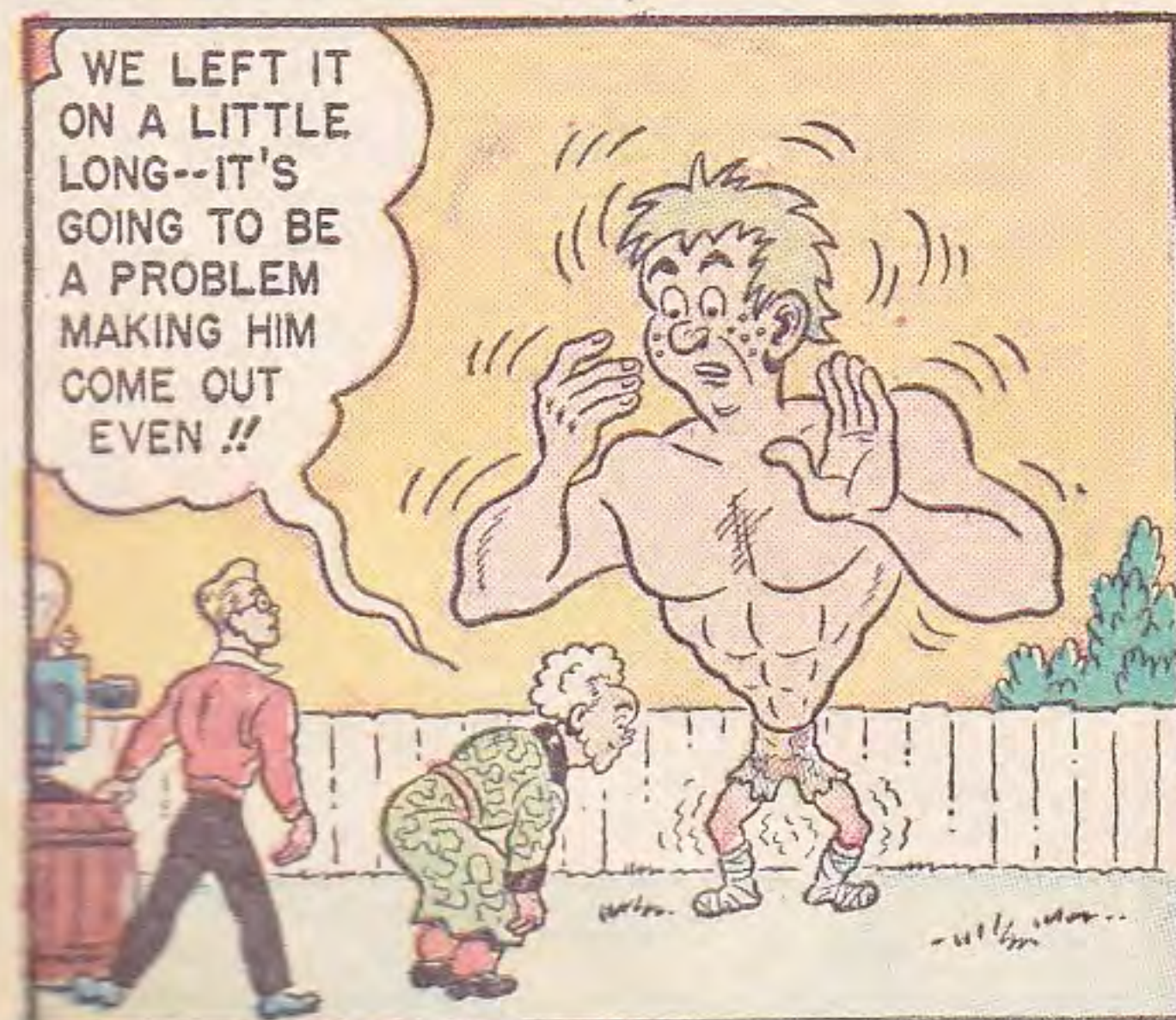
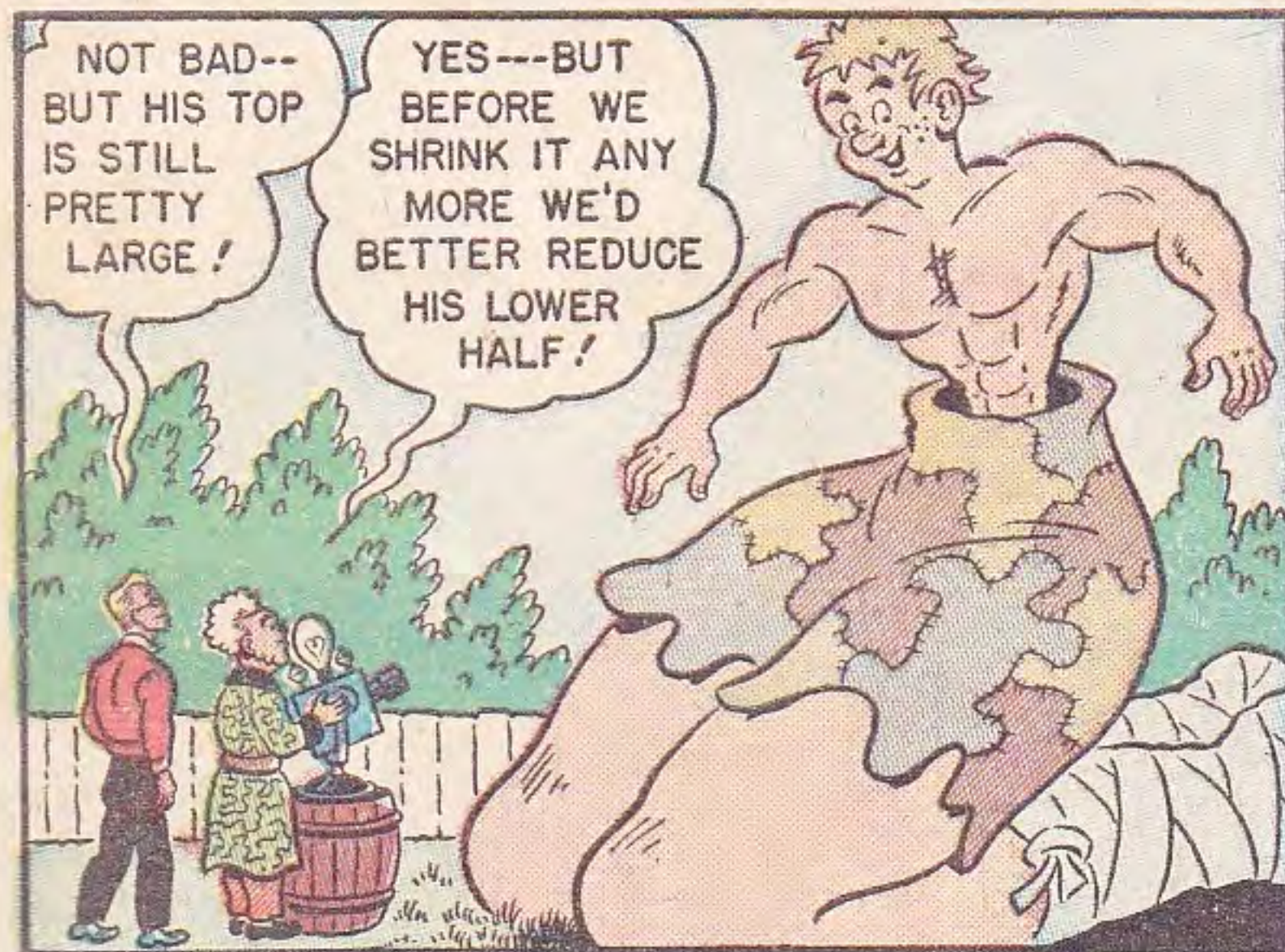


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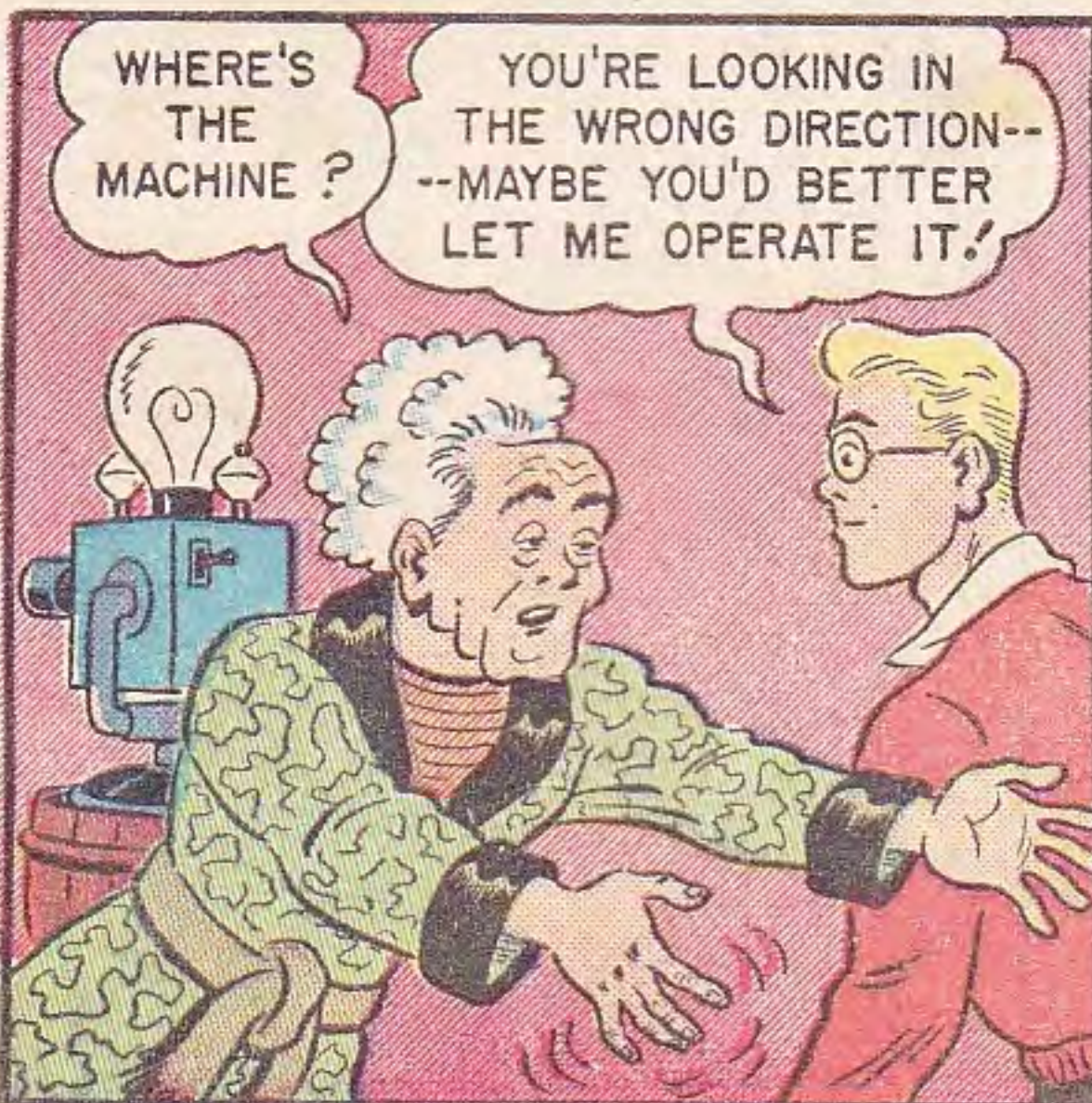
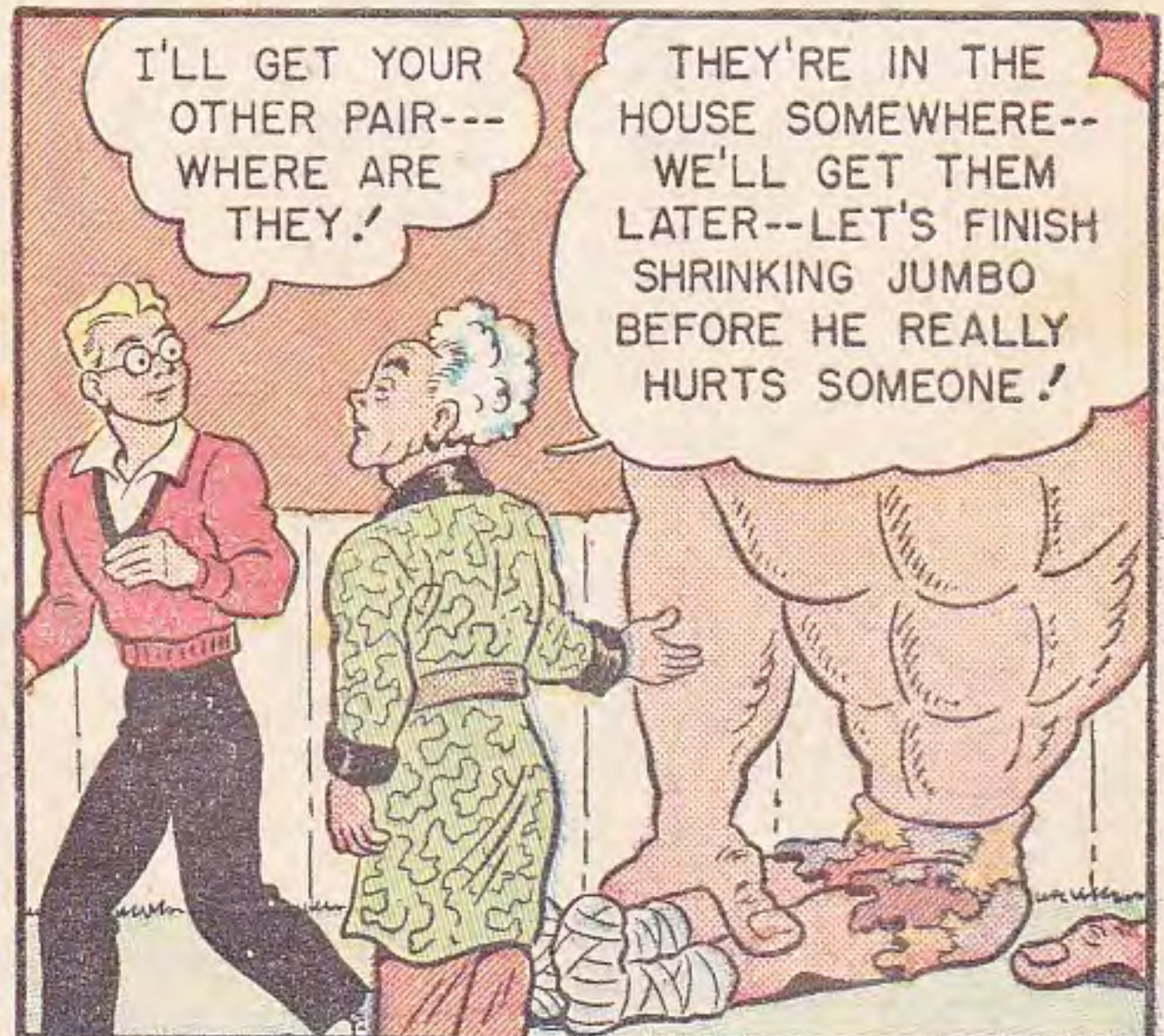
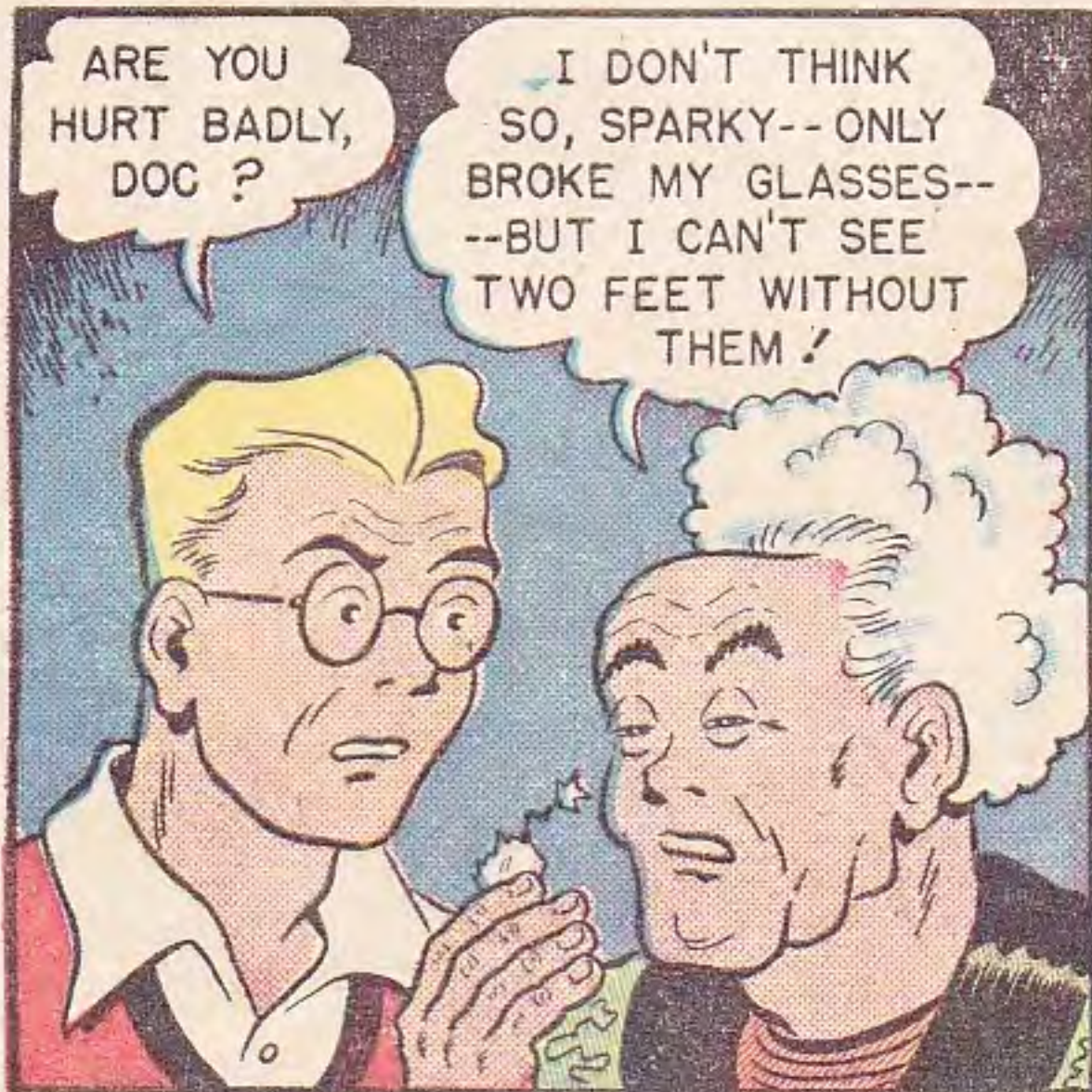
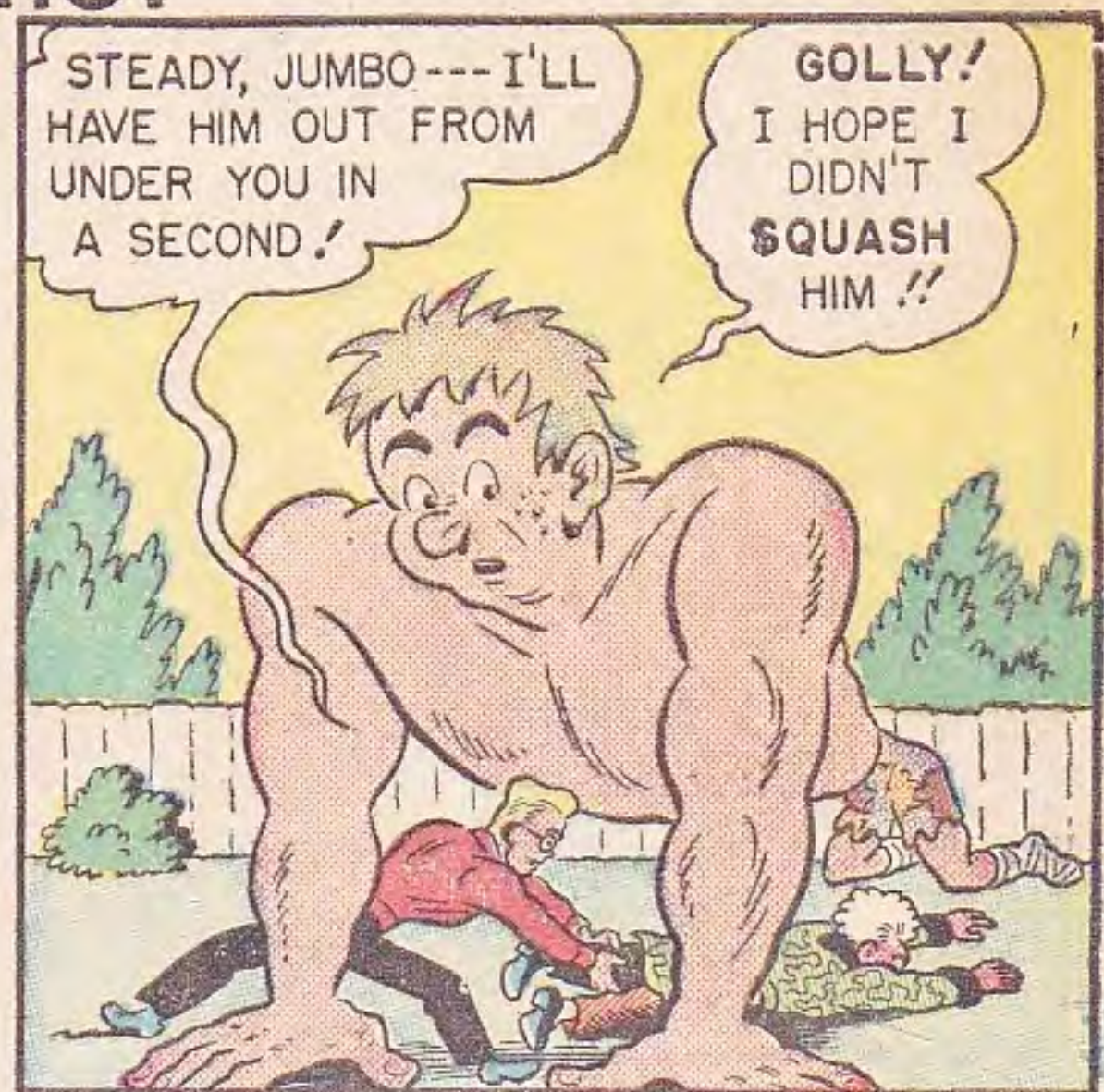
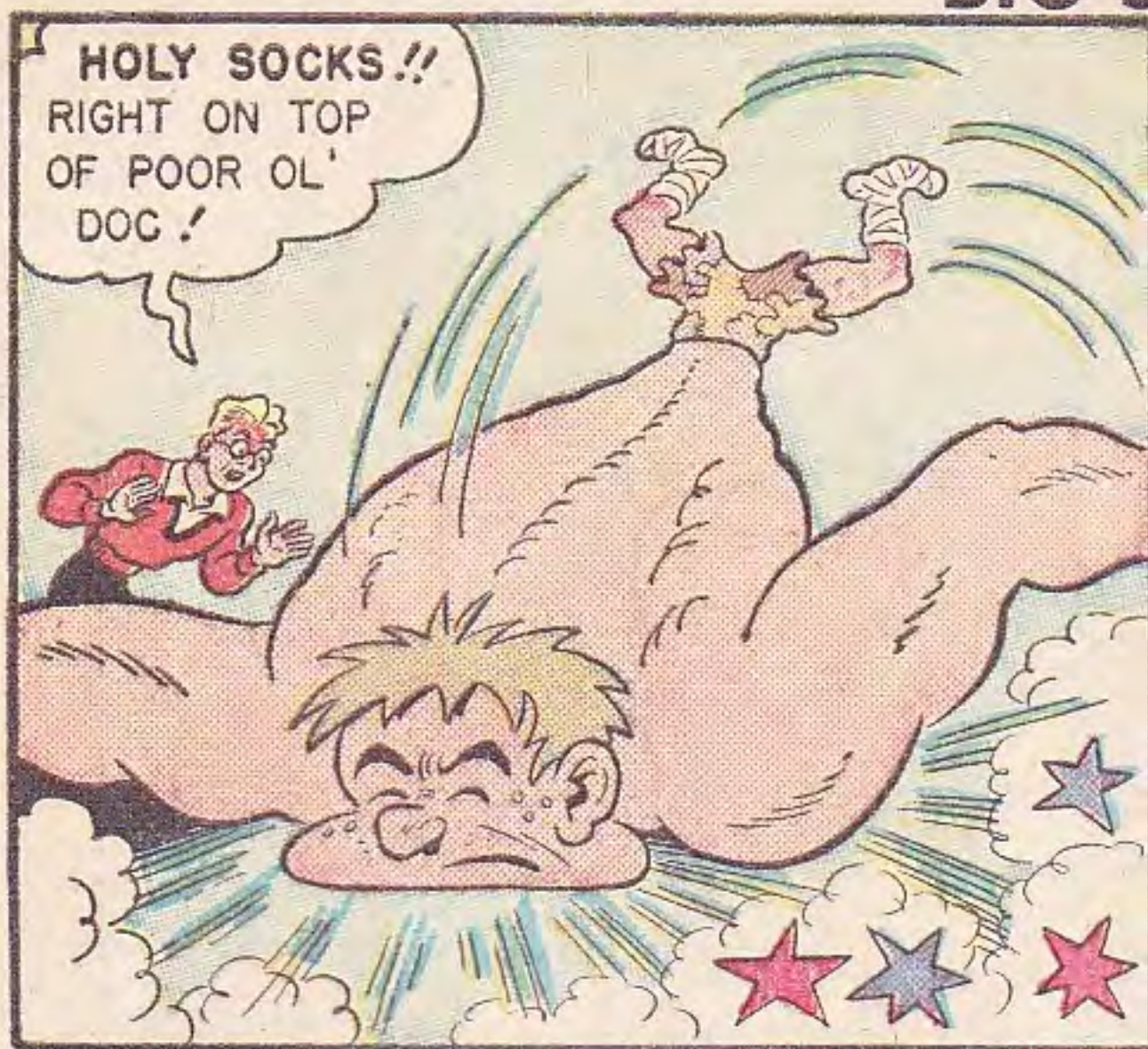


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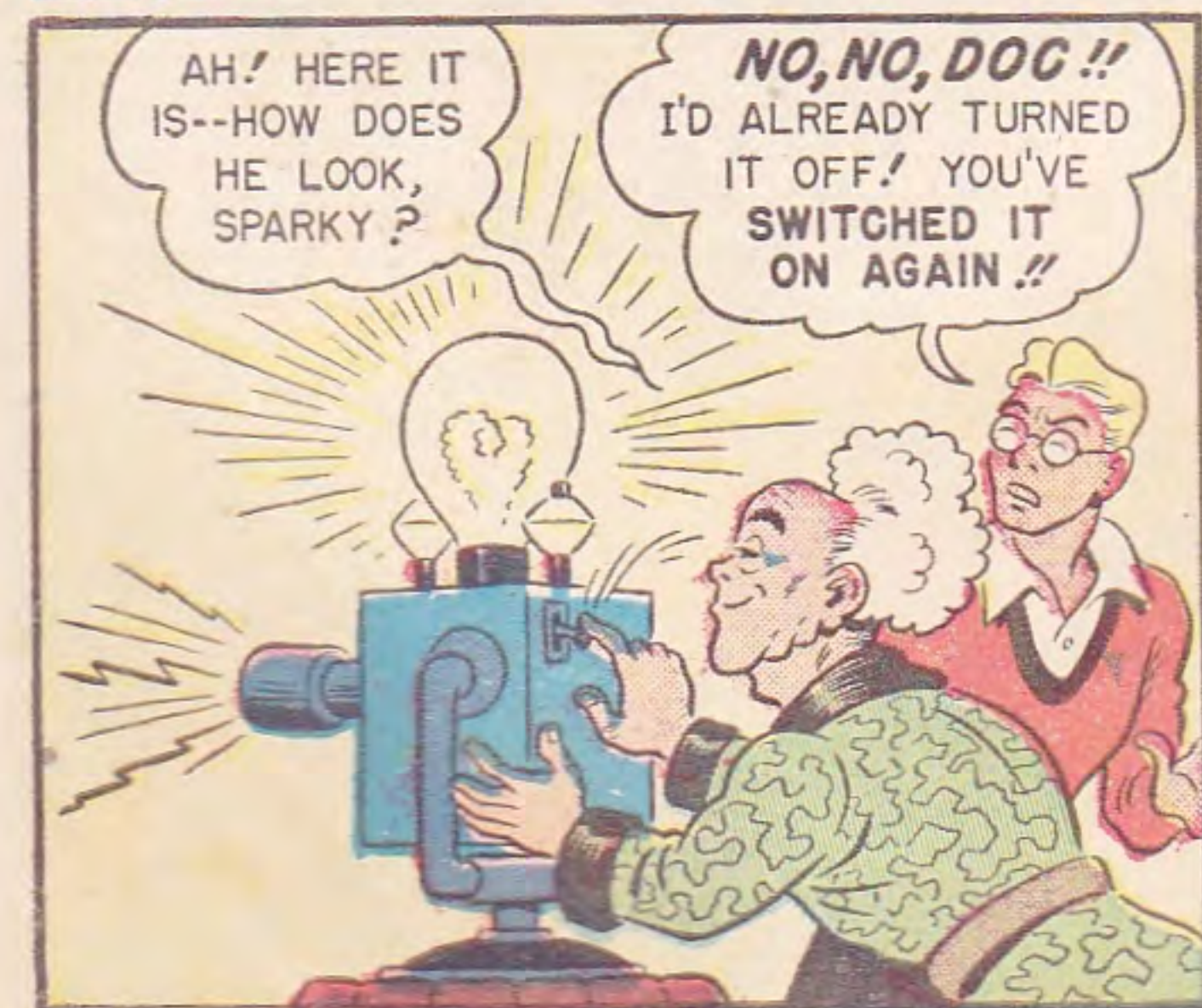
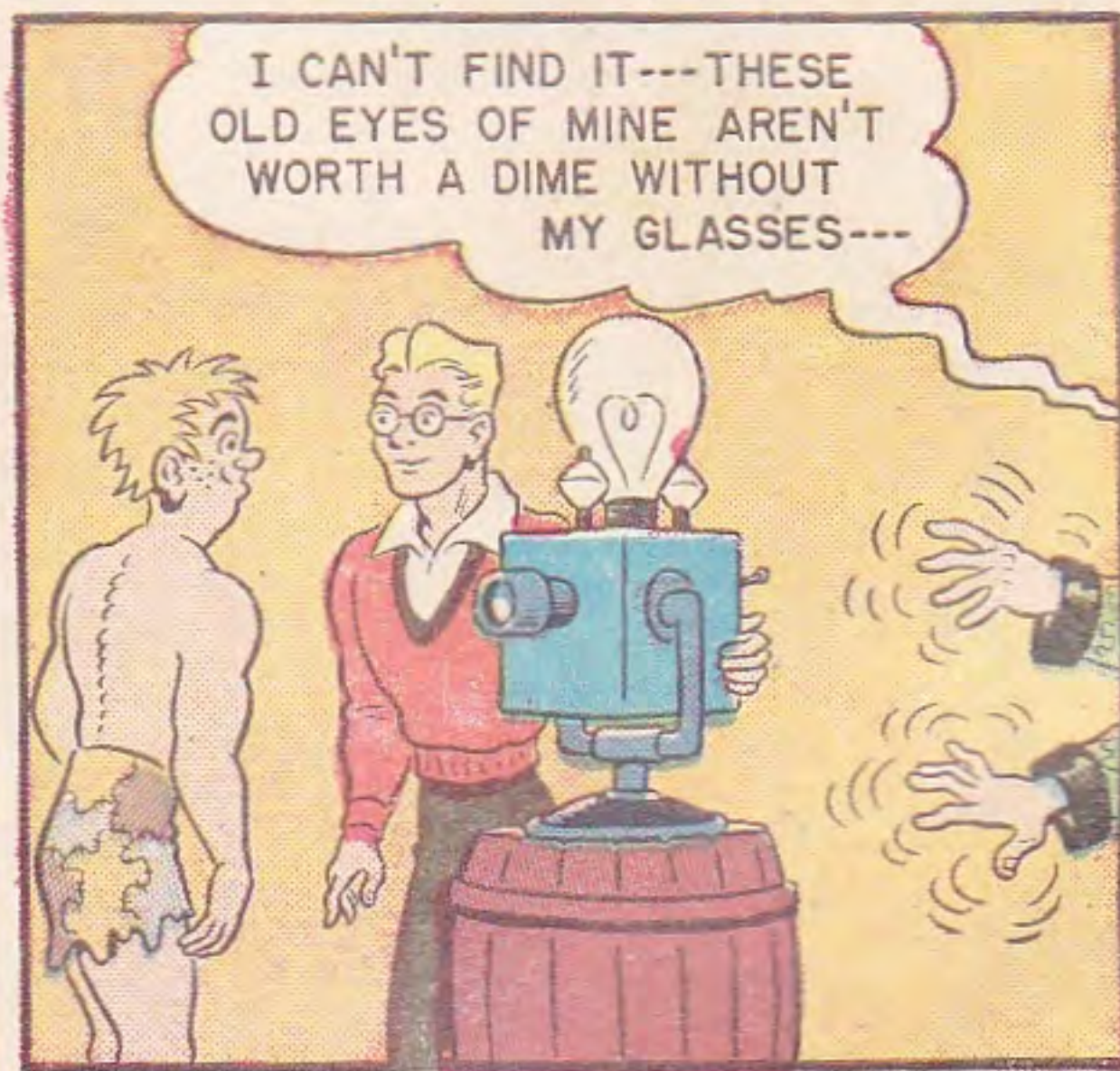
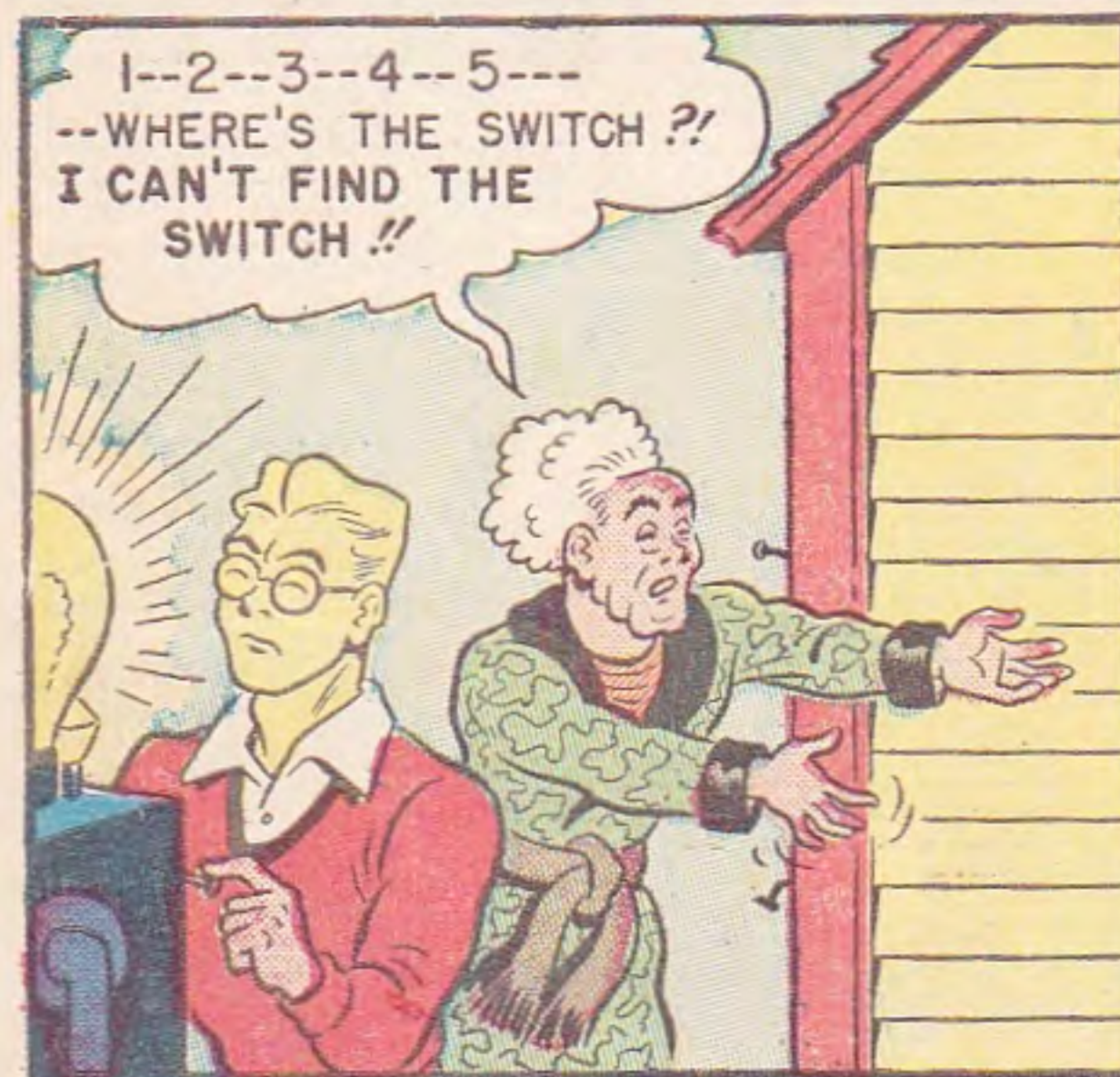
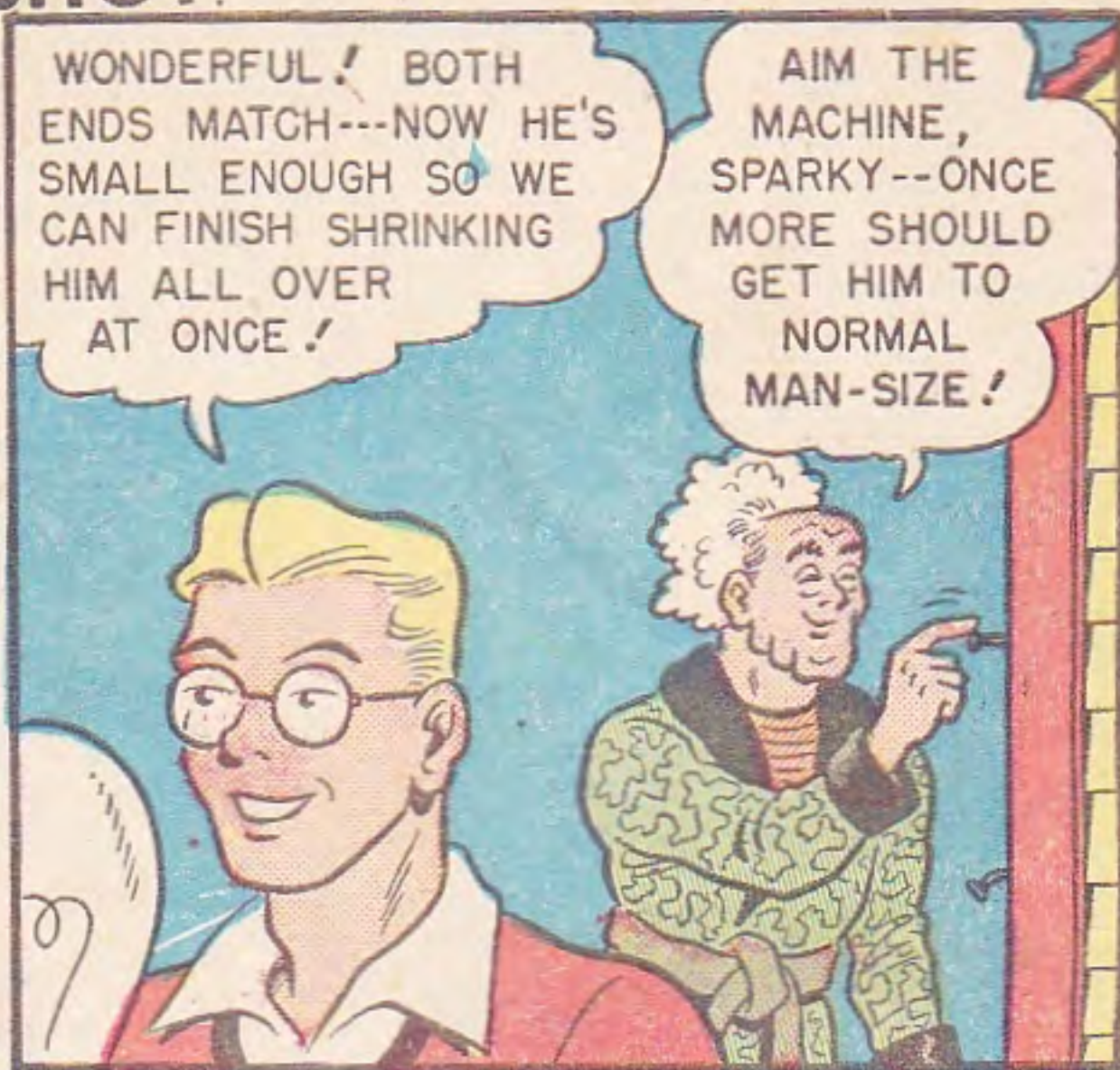


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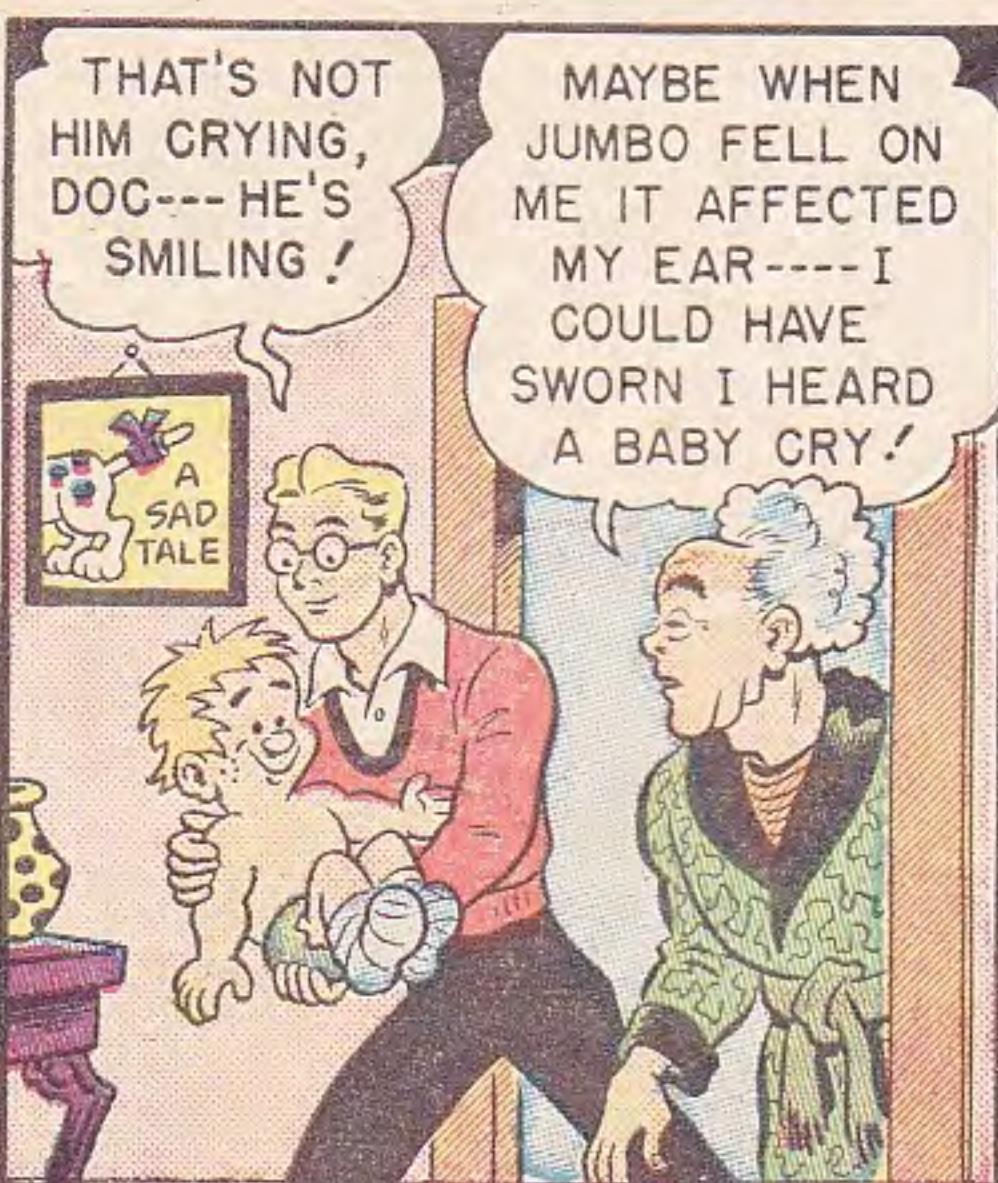
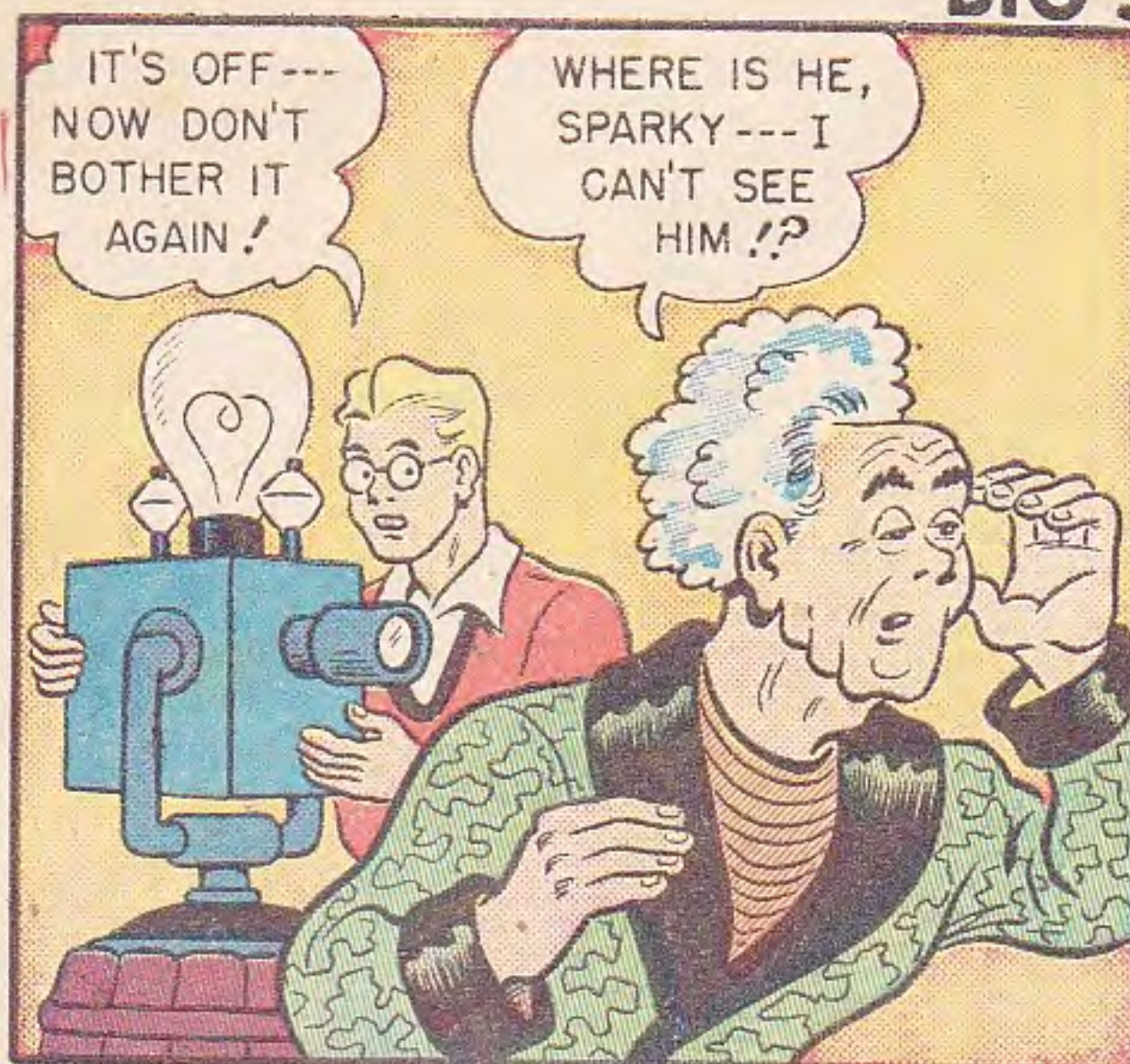


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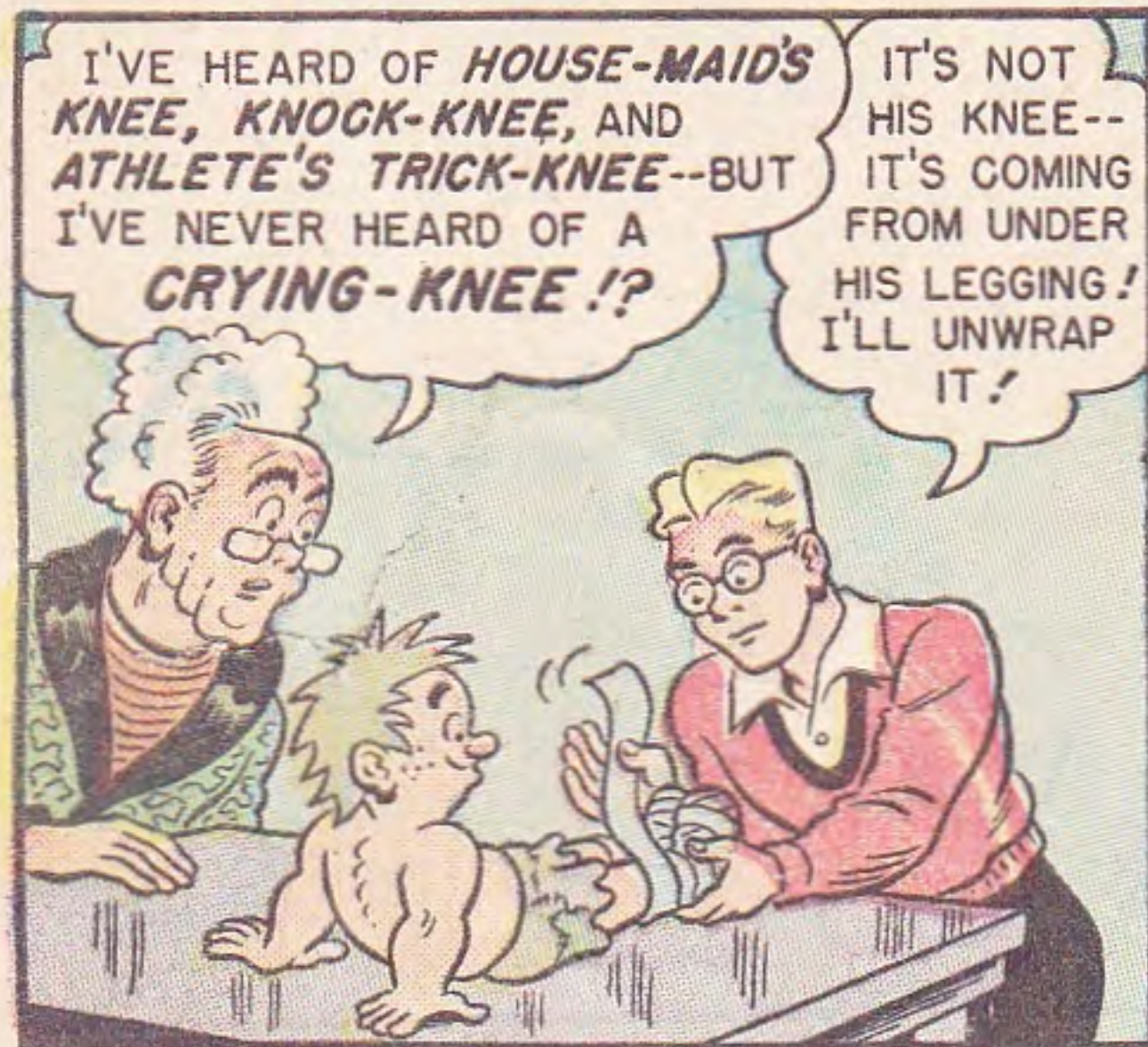


# BIG SHOT.





# BIG SHOT





# DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVOY and STRIEBEL

JIM BRADLEY HAD BEEN RE-HEARSING DIXIE FOR THE "LEAD" IN HIS PLAY BUT NEVER INTENDED TO USE HER



GOT 'EM! GOOD!

SECRET?



DIXIE! I'VE GOT TO EXPLAIN!

LOOK—IF YOU DON'T LISTEN THERE'S GOING TO BE A TERRIBLE MISUNDERSTANDING!

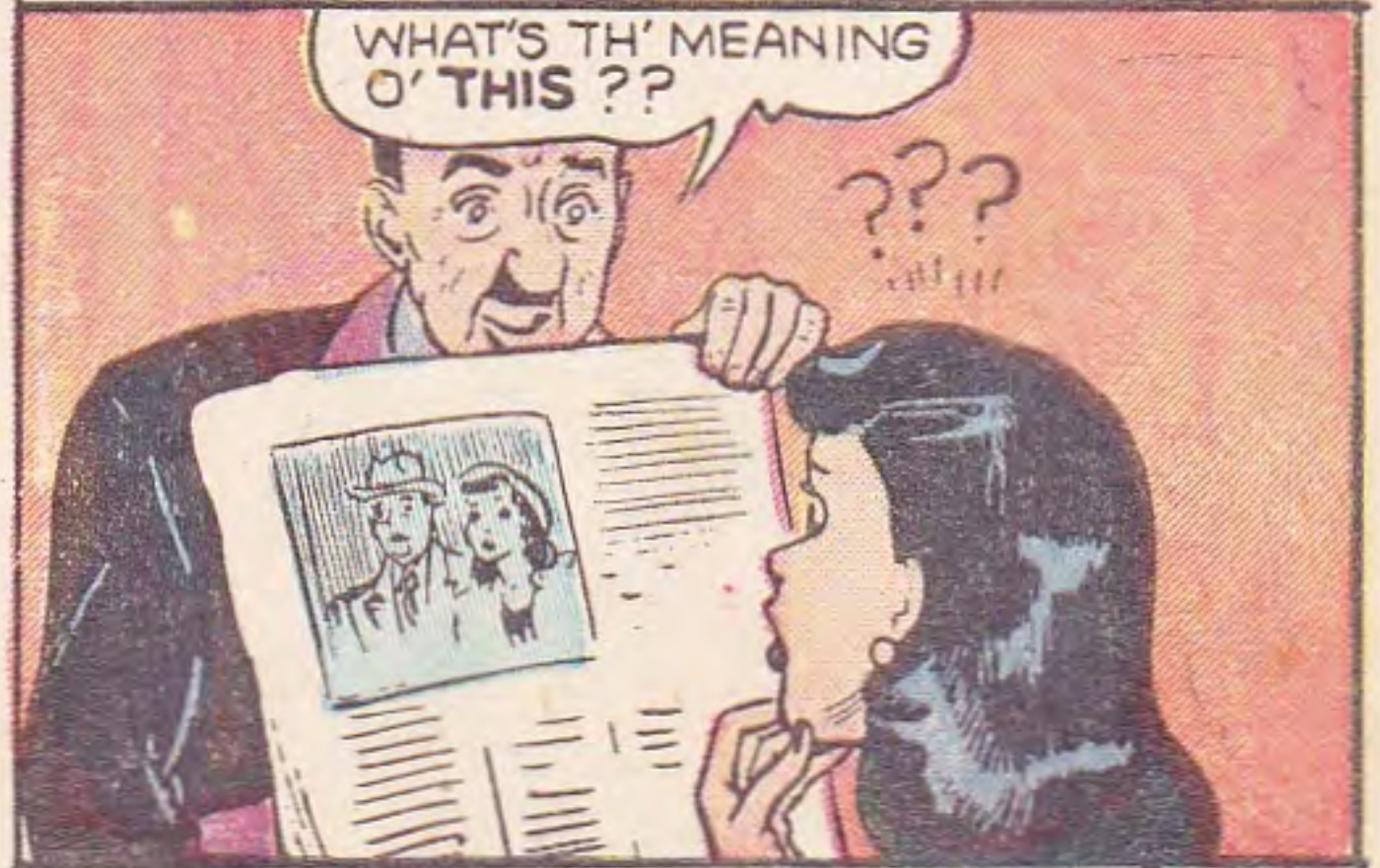
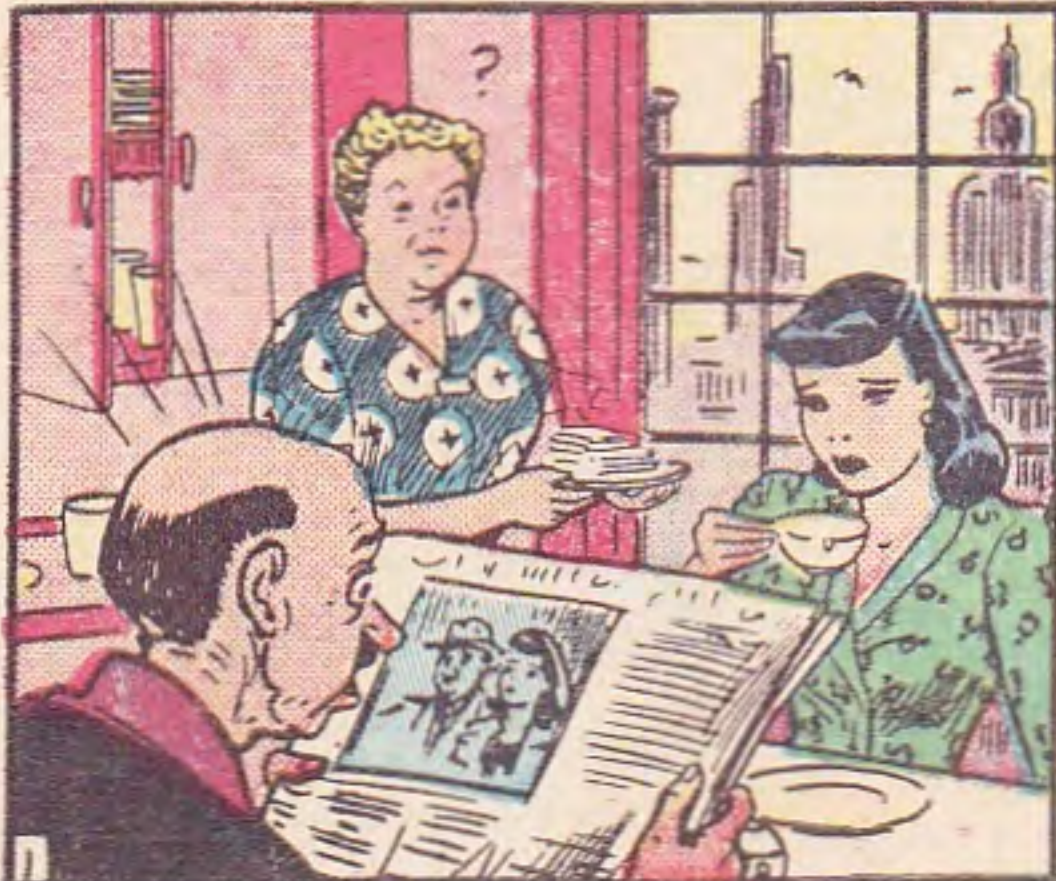
PLEASE! LET GO!



IS THIS A REHEARSAL TOO?

??-UH—JUST SAYING GOOD NIGHT—

THEN "GOOD NIGHT"



WHAT'S TH' MEANING O' THIS ??

???



# BIG SHOT



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THAT?



OH-UH-THAT'S THE 'SECRET' I WANTED TO TELL YOU, MA-REMEMBER?? ONLY YOU TOLD ME TO KEEP IT-REMEMBER?

HMMM-WELL, I THINK I'D BETTER KNOW ALL ABOUT IT NOW



JIM BRADLEY WAS "SECRETLY" REHEARSING ME FOR THE LEAD IN HIS PLAY-

THE LEAD? THE LEAD?!



WE WERE USING THAT OLD VAUDEVILLE HOUSE TO REHEARSE IN - BUT I FOUND OUT LAST NIGHT HE WAS ONLY KIDDING ME ALONG



TH' CAD!

TH' BLASTED (CENSORED)!



I SAW THE PICTURE-WHAT ABOUT IT?

THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW - WHAT ABOUT IT?!

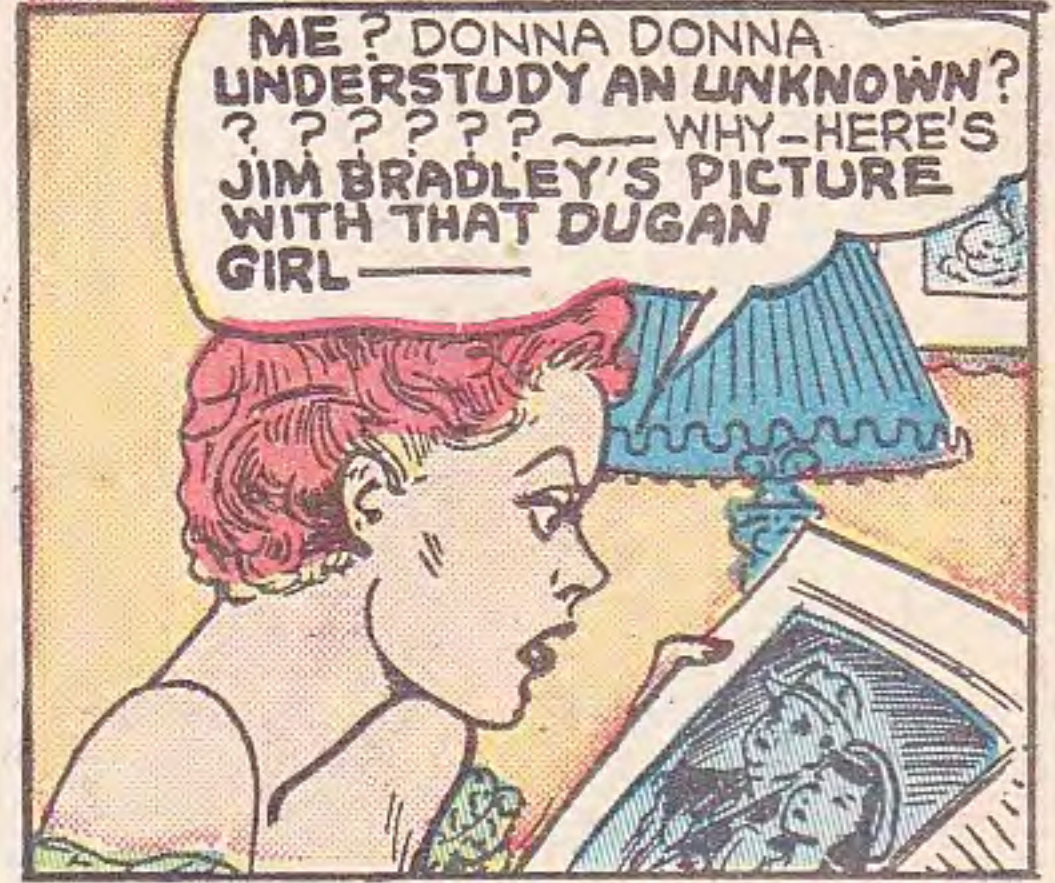
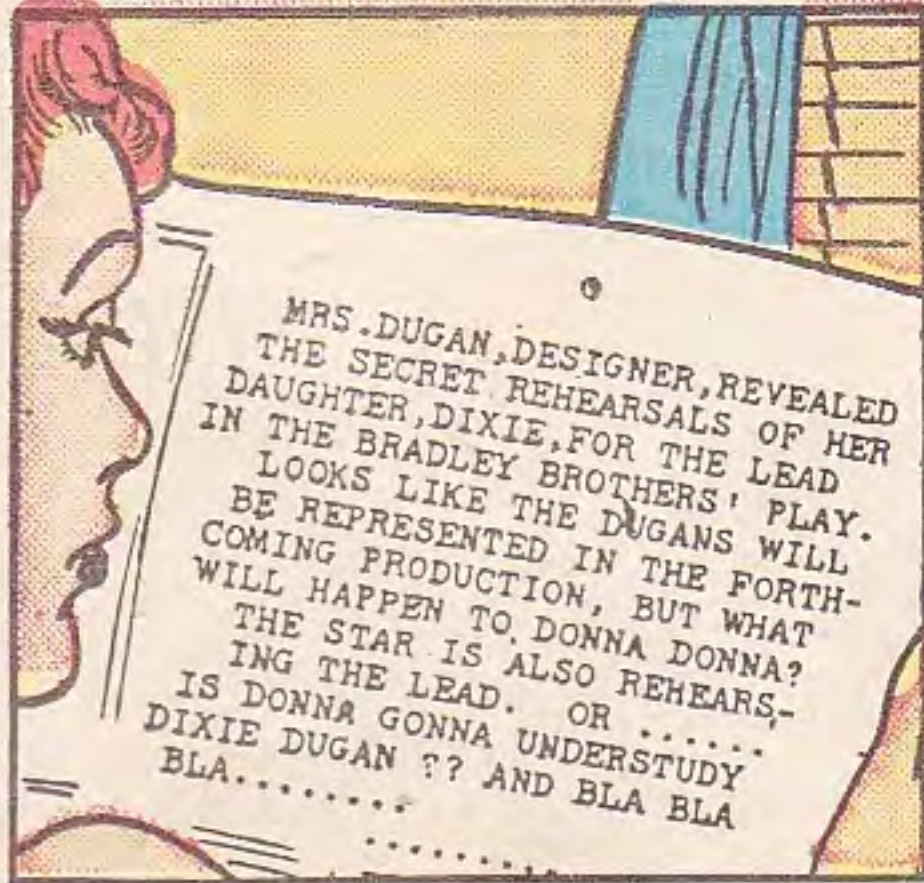


THAT, MY DEAR BROTHER, IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS

O.K.-HAVE IT YOUR WAY-



# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT



JIM BRADLEY HAD BEEN SECRETLY REHEARSING DIXIE FOR THE LEAD IN HIS PLAY BUT NEVER INTENDED USING HER.

HE DID THIS FOR A PARTICULAR REASON

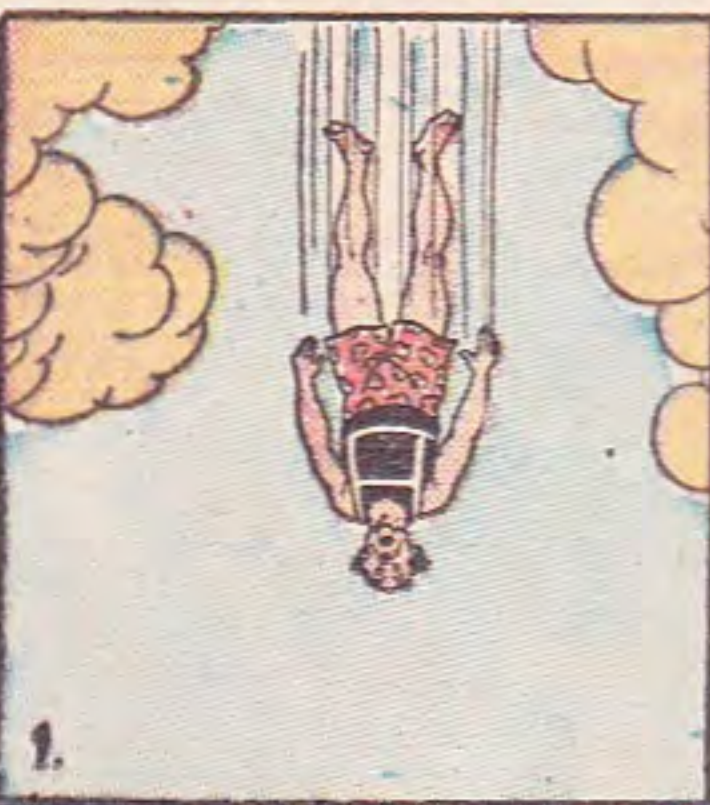
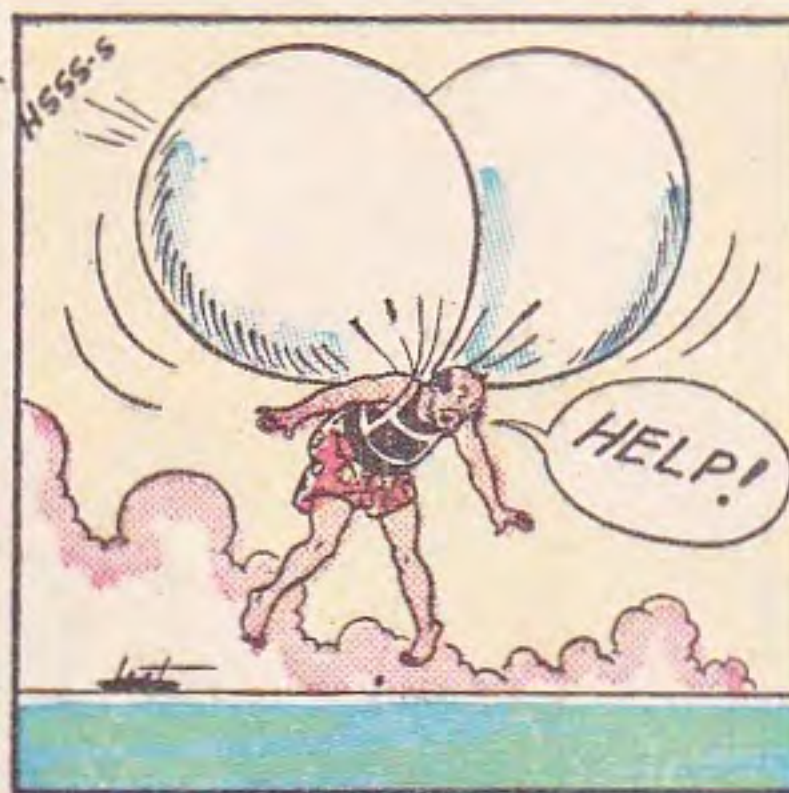
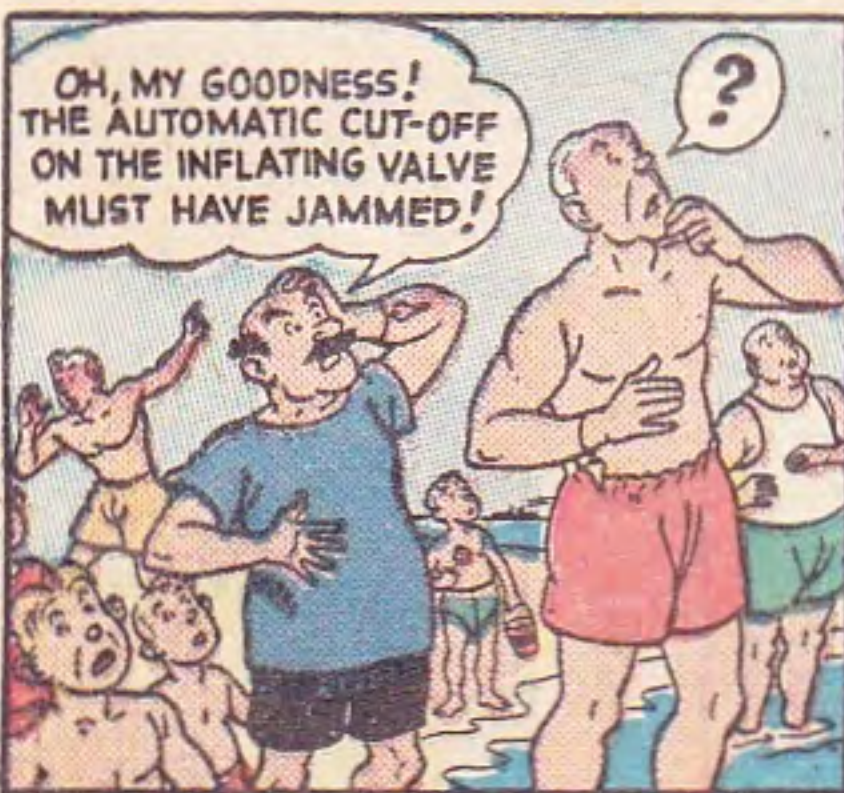
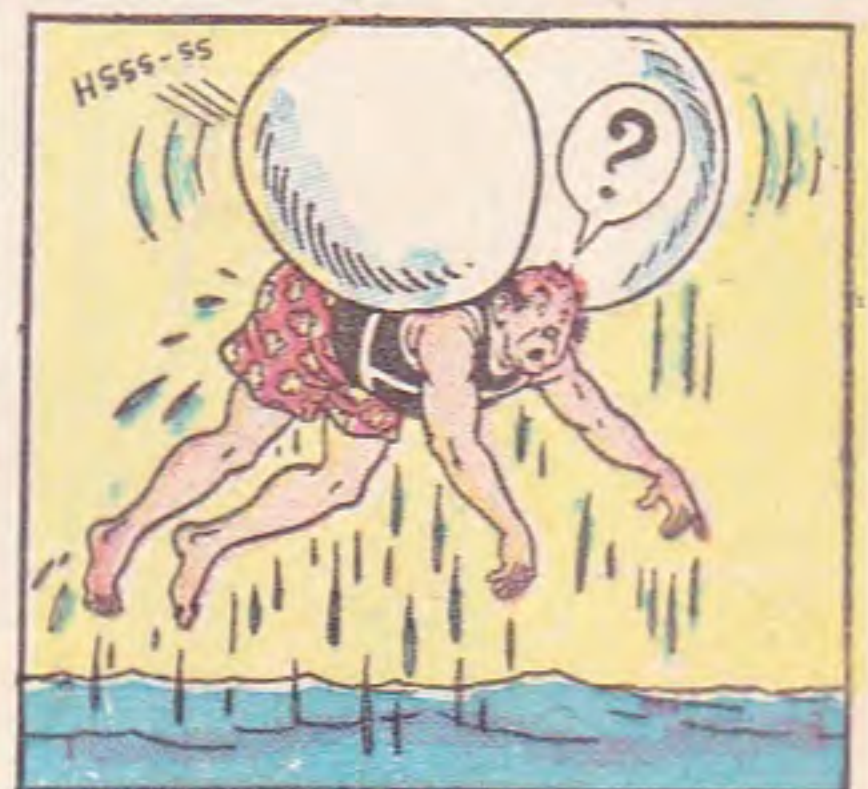


MORE ABOUT DIXIE DUGAN IN THE NEXT ISSUE



# MICKEY FINN

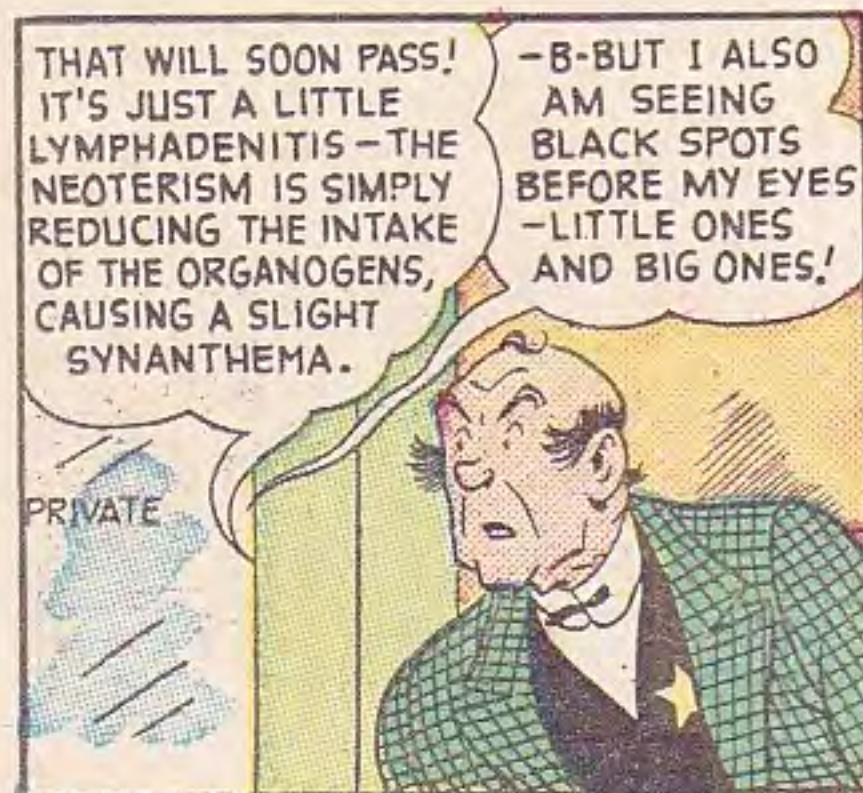
By Lank Leonard





# MICKEY FINN

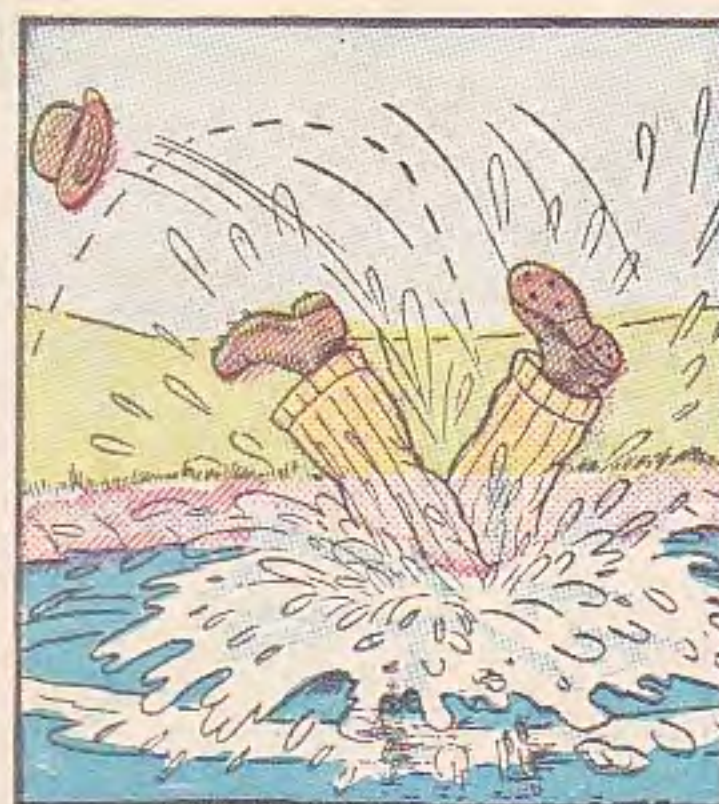
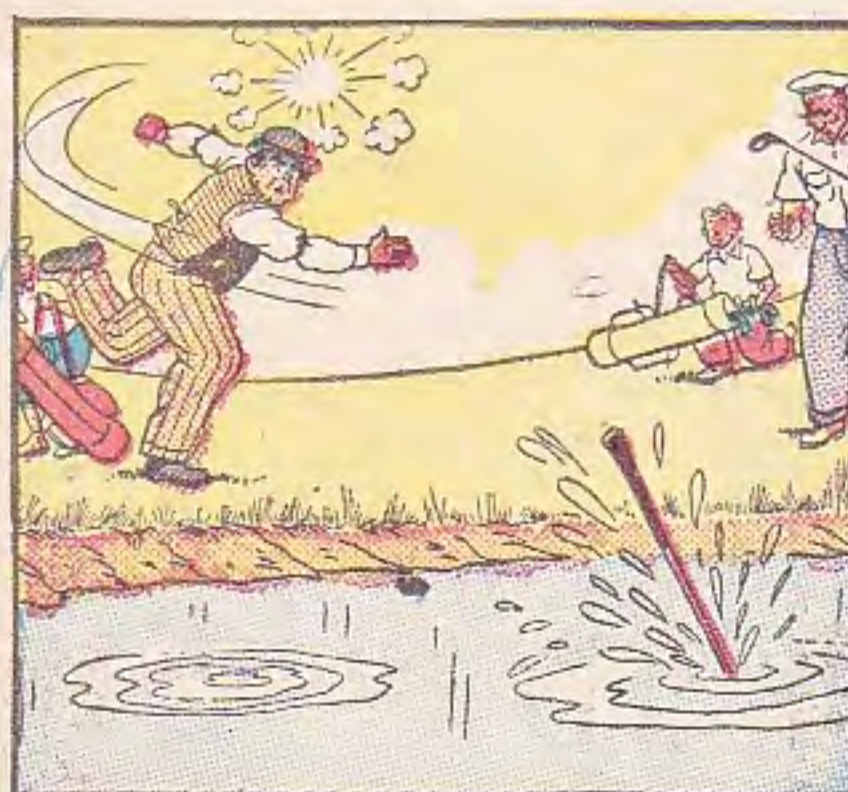
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## MICKEY FINN

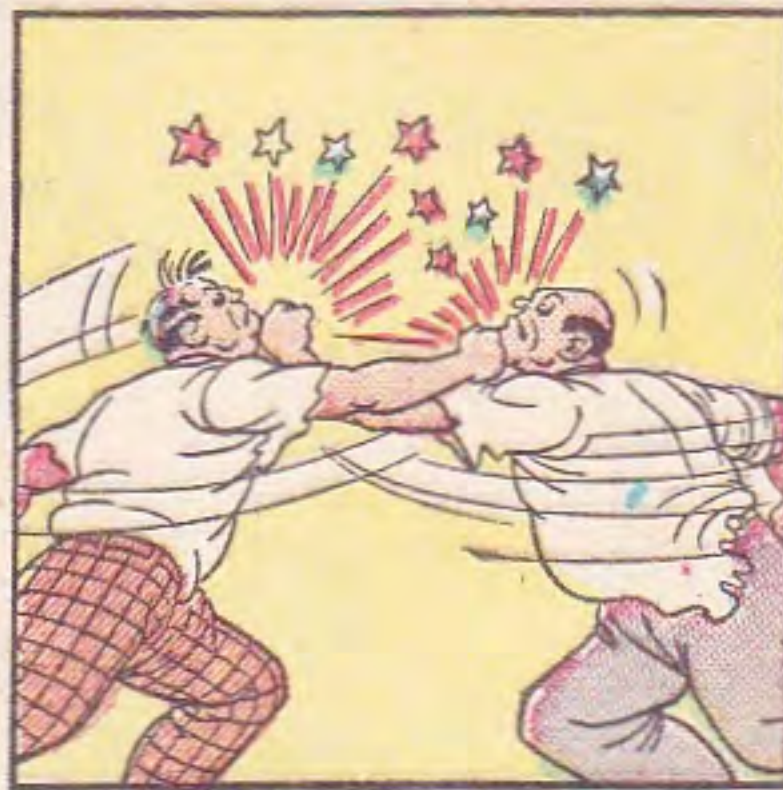
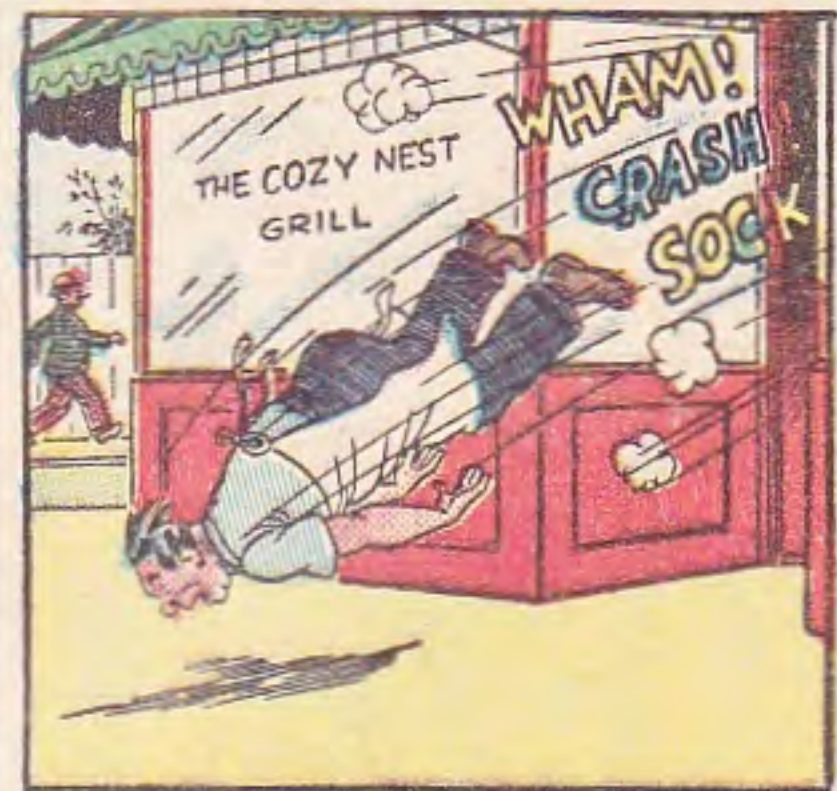
By Lank Leonard





# MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



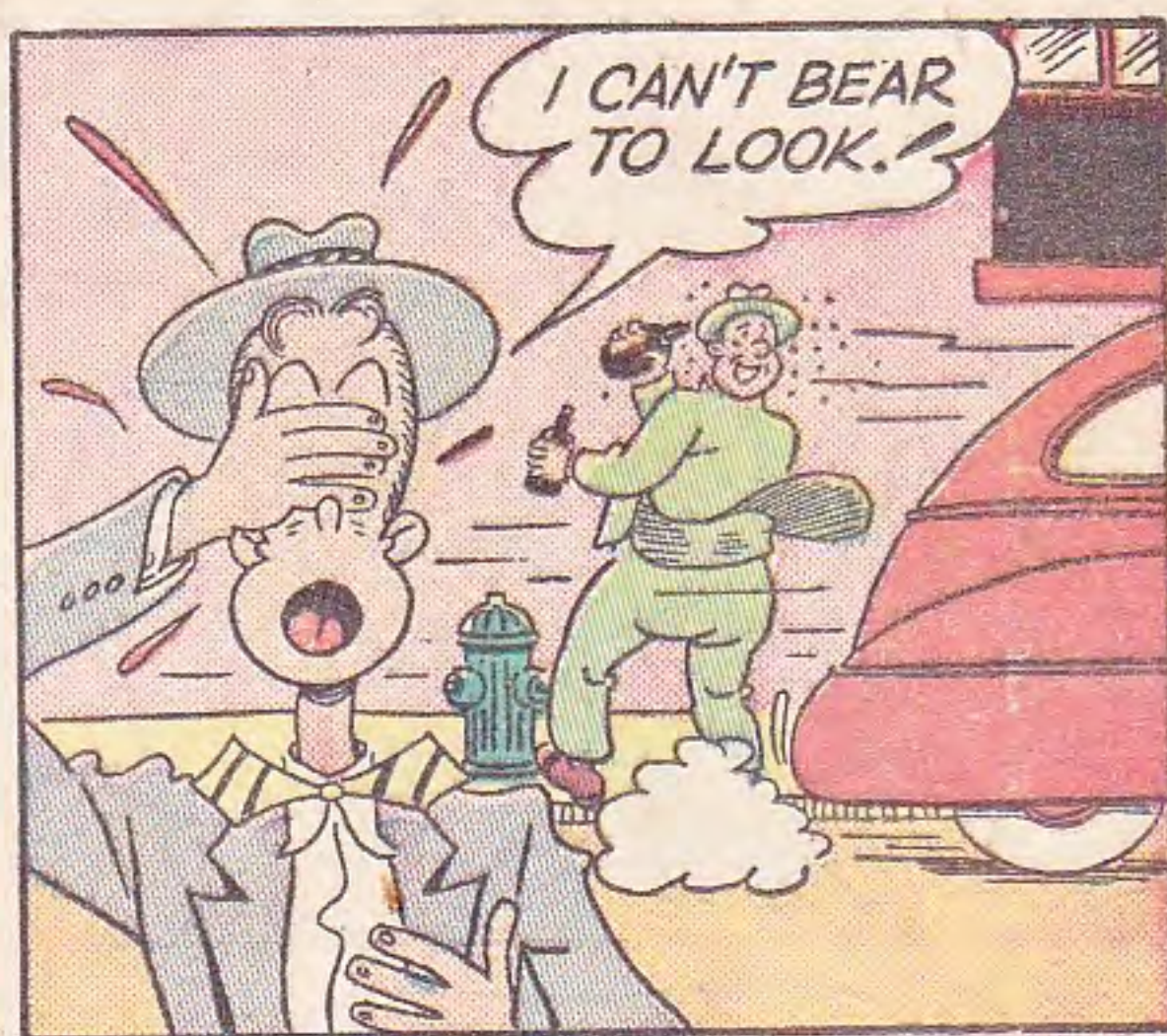
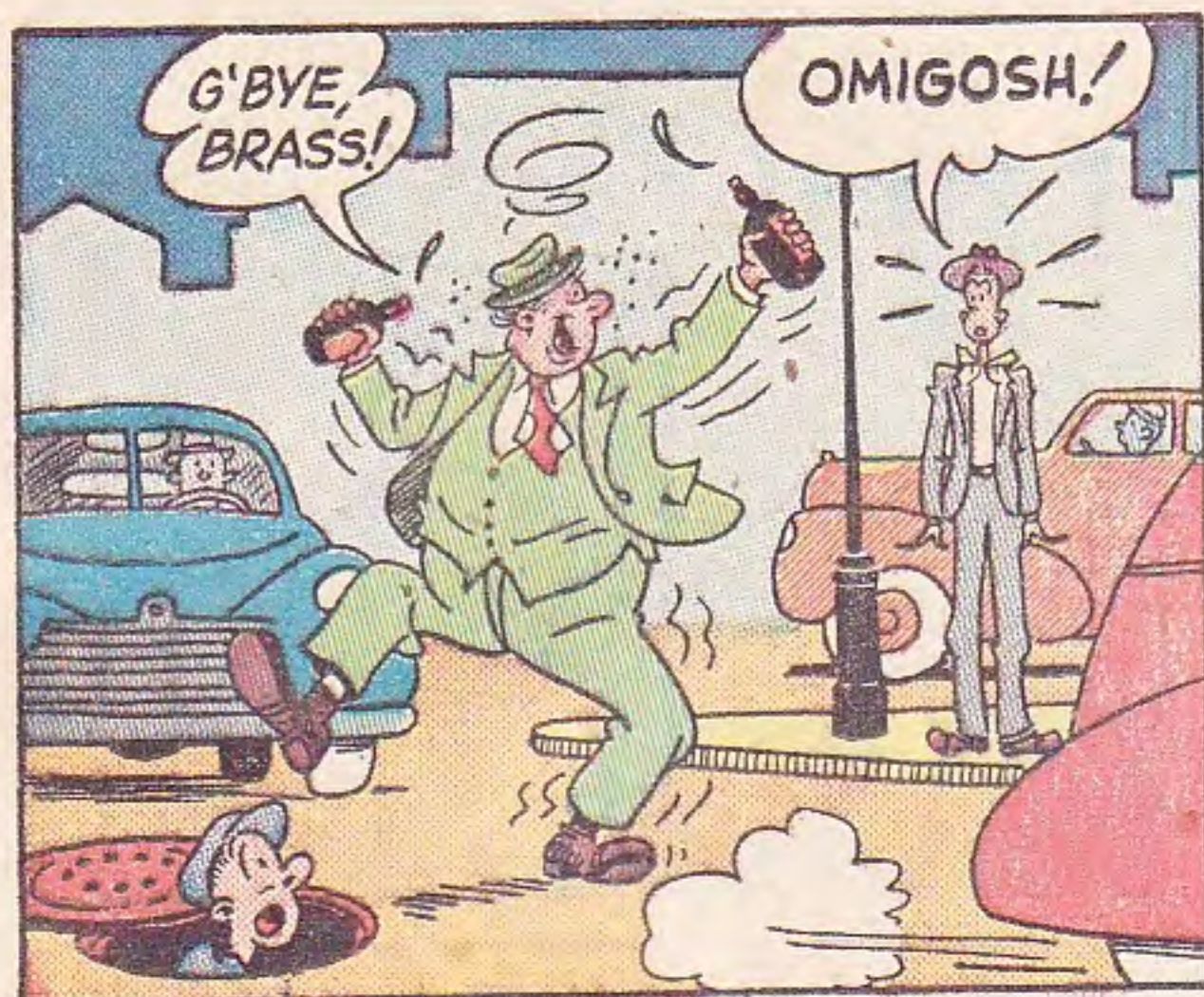
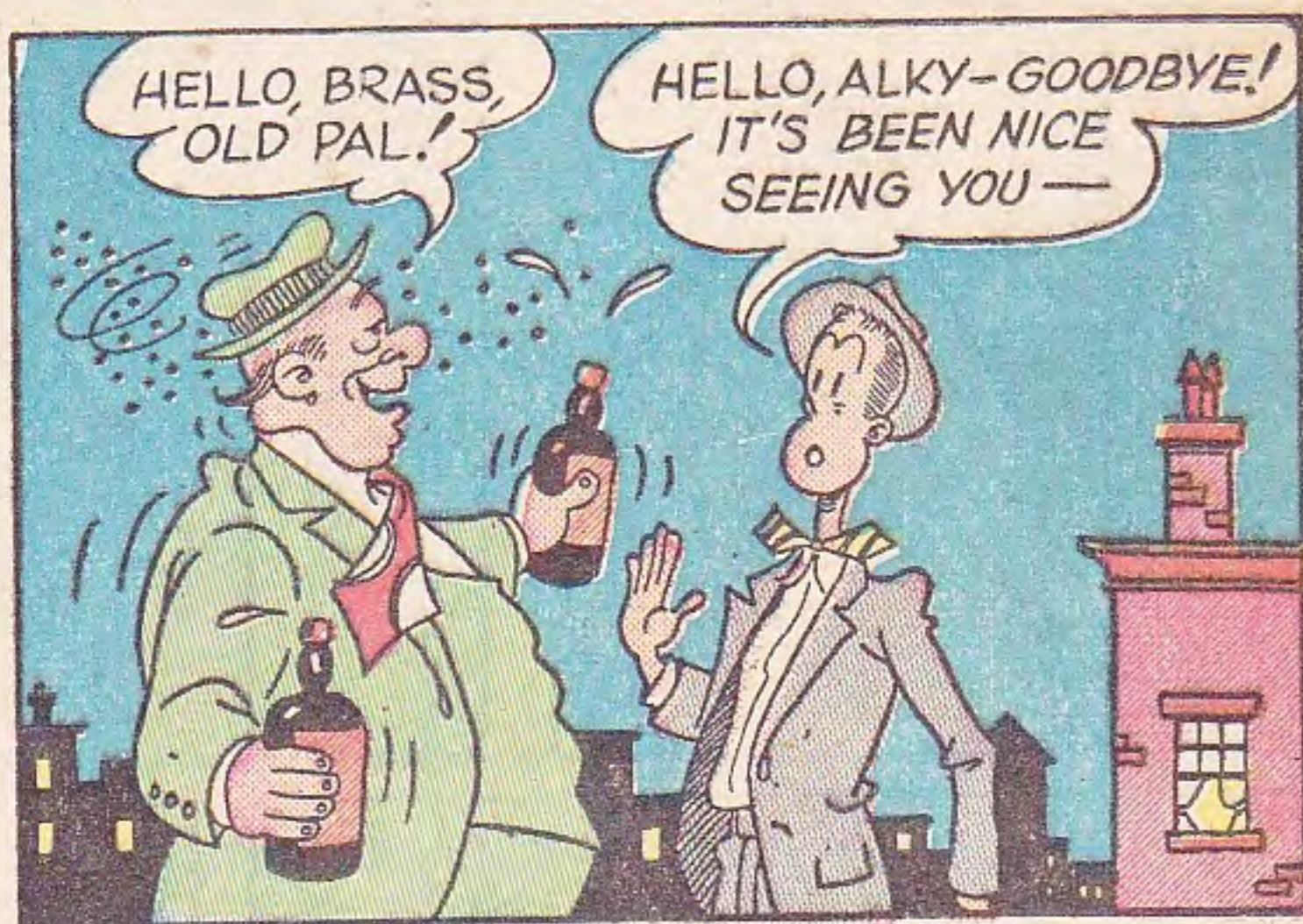


# BIG SHOT BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY  
MARION



51

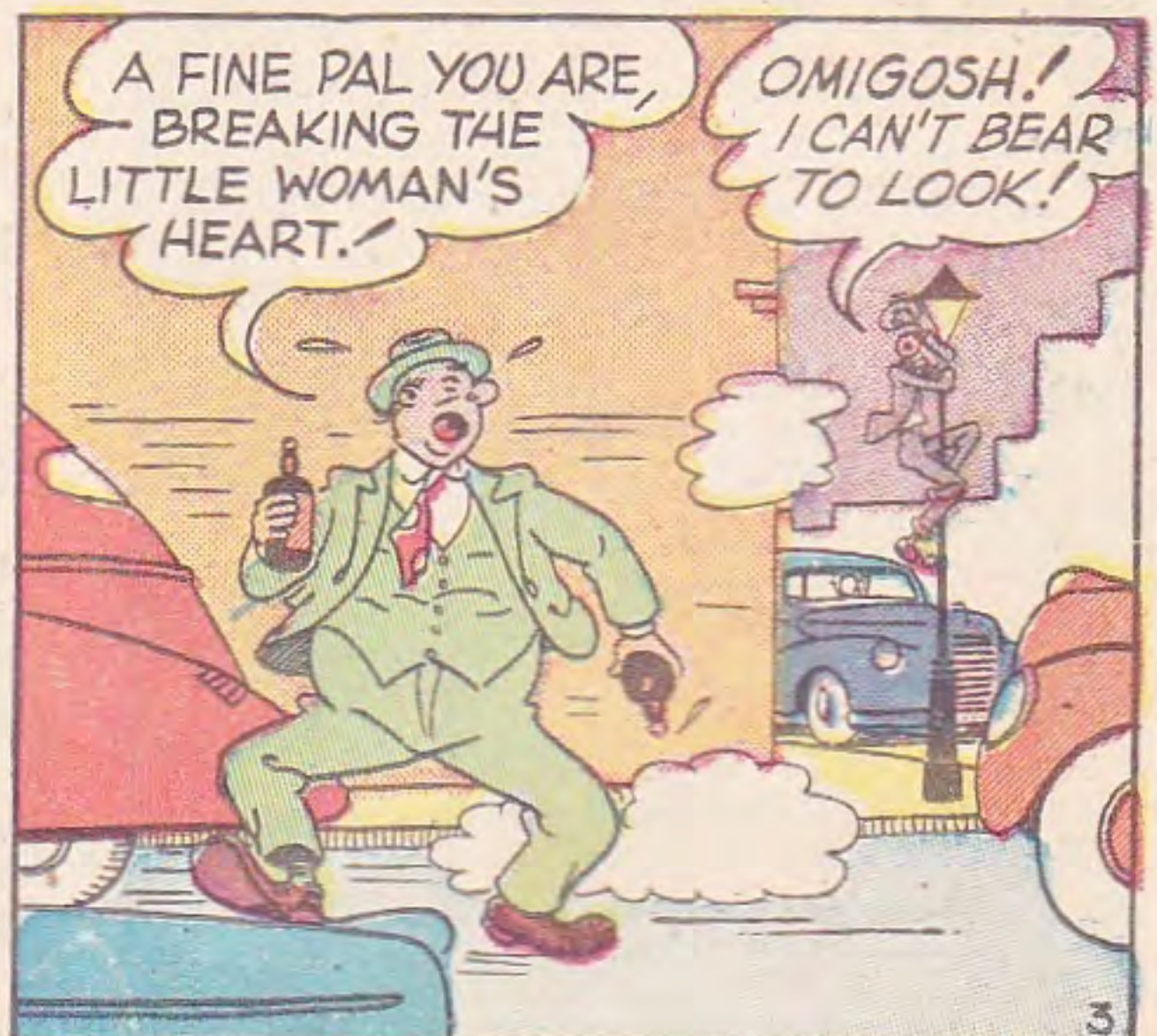
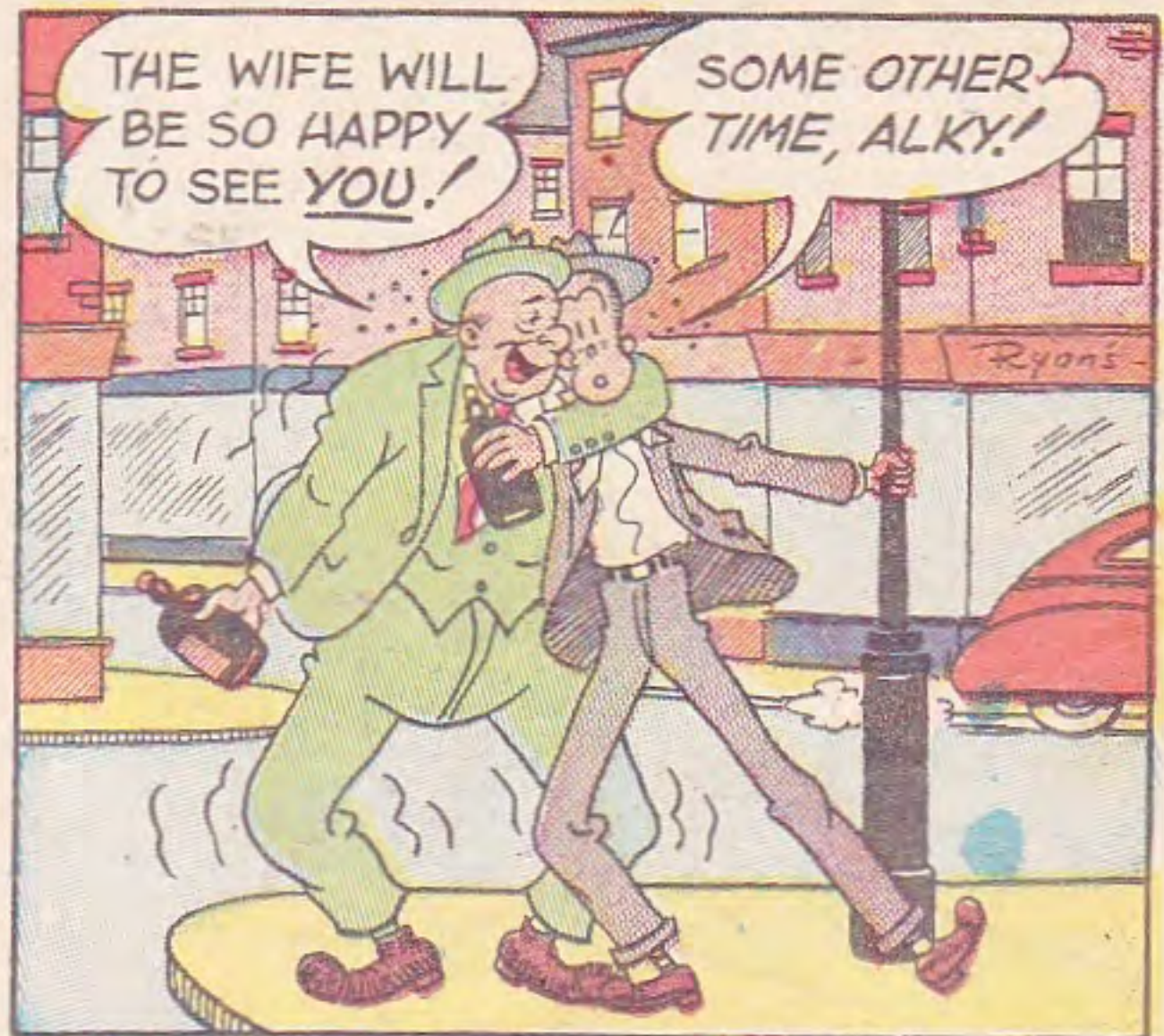




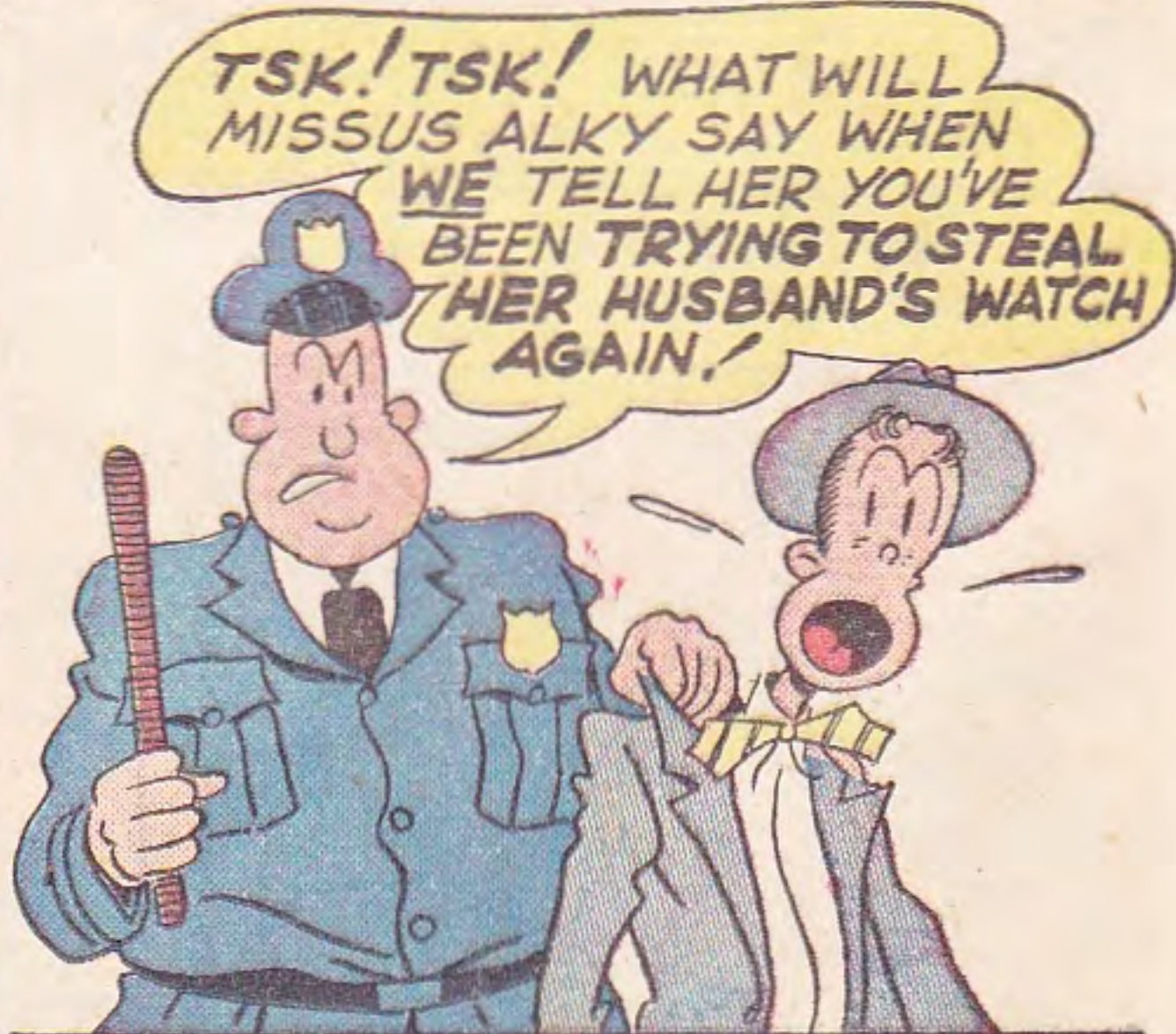
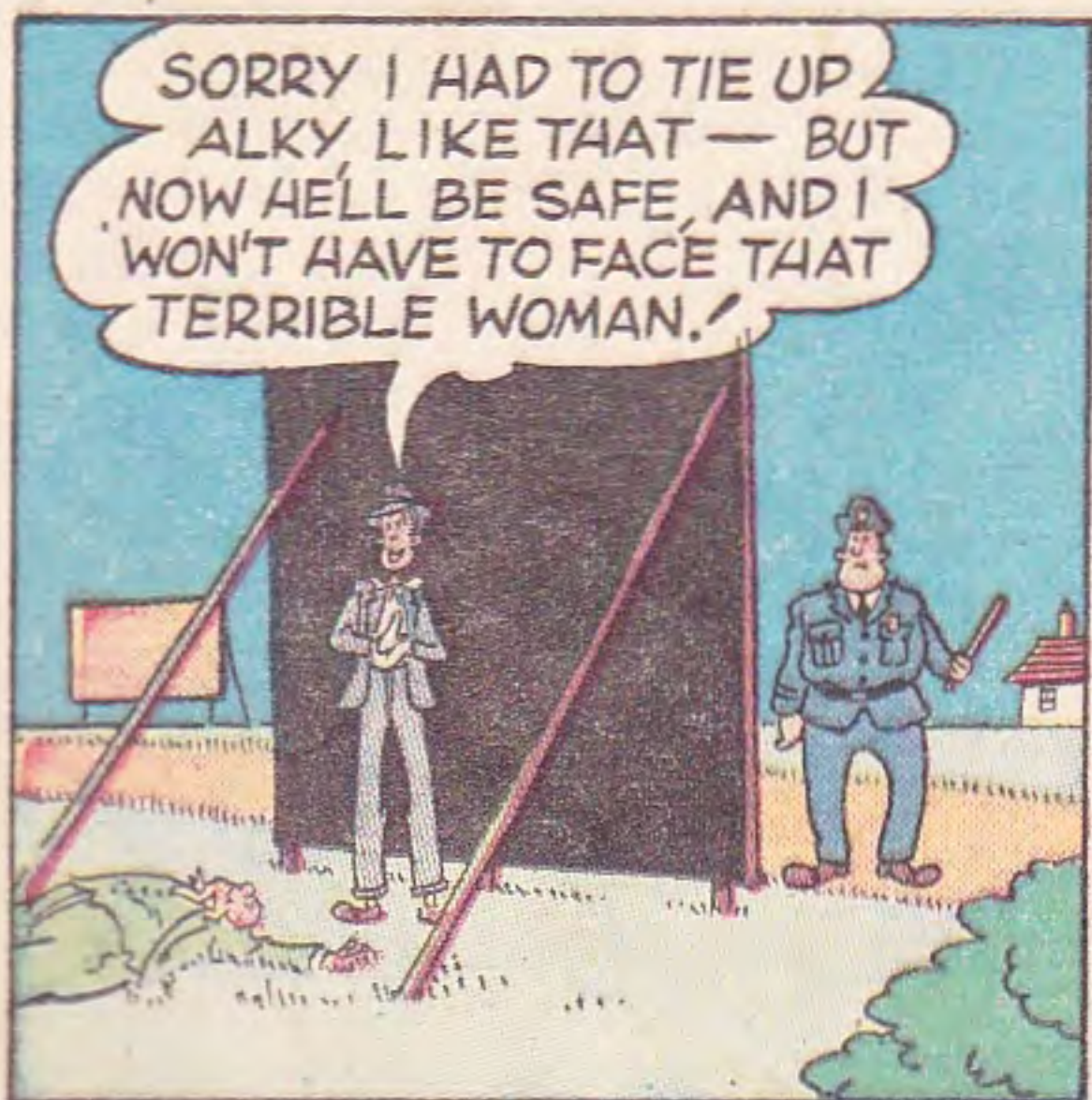




TWO WEEKS LATER....









# ALL'S WELL

By MART BAILEY

WONDERFUL is the effect which the presence of the woman he loves has upon a gangster who has just been shot in the leg. A moment before, Benny Ratsoff had been flapping around in the damp grass and yelling to high heaven that it hurts quite a bit to stop a lead slug with the fleshy part of your thigh. Not knowing that the marksman was Timothy, Mr. Swancourt's valet, and that the weapon used was a long rifle of the type favored by the late Daniel Boone, Benny naturally inferred that he had been ambushed by his former business associate, Feets Murdock; and knowing Feets Murdock as one who would not miss the opportunity to administer the *coup-de-grace* upon a pal who had once tried to do the same to him, Benny flapped around a great deal to divert Mr. Murdock's aim. Then, suddenly, Mademoiselle Fifi D'Eaufontaine bent over him, sobbing endearments.

Benny stopped flapping and yelling, and permitted his head to be pillowed in her arms.

"Rosie!" he ejaculated, devoutly.

"Benny!" murmured the girl, cuddling his head closer.

"Darling!"

"Sweetheart!"

Looking down from the attic window, Jack Beerymore sighed. "Like the curtain scene from *Thirty-five Minutes From Sing Sing*," he whispered.

Don Gilholy, gazing upon the same tender scene and hearing the same passionate dialogue, was filled with a wholly different emotion.

And he had just opened his mouth to voice his disapproval of Mademoiselle Fifi, whom he once mistakenly thought he could love—when the night was rent by an earthquaking blast.

A monster jumbo firecracker, one of the many that had been hurled down upon the gangsters, had been smouldering like a dud for some minutes past when it finally decided to give off its best.

All Plurtotles Manor winced. Sleepers whom the first explosions had roused and who had almost mustered sufficient courage to peep through the window curtains bounced back into their beds and drew the covers over their heads. Good Old Bumpy and Randolph the butler nearly toppled from the roof. The bombardiers in the attic, who had been gayly dropping fireworks a few moments before, now cringed on the floor, believing the gangsters had started a counter-attack. The fleeing gangsters yelped aloud, and their panicky chauffeur stalled the motor. Fifi (*alias* Rosie) who had just found a synonym for "honey child," guillotined the tip of her tongue. But Benny suffered the worst start.

The jumbo cracker exploded only a few feet from where he lay, and naturally he thought it was meant for him. With a shriek that was lost in the thunderous echoes, he broke from the embrace of his soul mate and made a desperate attempt to lower the world's record for the hundred yard dash. That instead he went sprawling helplessly over the wet grass, can be attributed to the fact that few of the athletes who have set the world's records have done so with bullets in their legs.

"Come on!" gasped Fifi. Benny felt himself gripped under the armpits and jerked to his feet.

The rear door of the limousine swung open and rough hands helped the gang lord and his moll inside. Then the engine backfired and the armored car started rolling down the driveway.

Good Old Bumpy waited until the gangsters reached the main road before he turned to Randolph.

"You may set it off now," he said.

The butler applied a glowing punk to an enormous rocket—and the sizzling rocket whistled like a comet into the ebony sky. Higher, higher, then, with a series of terrific explosions that made the chauffeur of the fleeing armored



## BIG SHOT

limousine jam down the gas pedal, the rocket burst into a brilliant shower of colored lights which assumed the shape of an immense American Flag. . . .

WHEN Good' Old Bumpy climbed back into the stuffy attic, whose unpainted timbers now gleamed around an unshaded electric light, Timothy was whittling a notch on the stock of his long rifle; Jack Beerymore, the rising young actor, had just risen from the floor and with a Shakespearian ictus was flicking the dust from his sport slacks. Don Gilholy, the hapless lover and Broadway columnist, was looking like a young man who has just been rescued from the fiery furnace. Indeed, contemplating the past performances of Mademoiselle D'Eaufontaine, he could attribute his escape from her clutches as the result of the direct intervention of a kind and watchful Providence.

"I'm terribly sorry and all that," said Good Old Bumpy, laying a sympathetic hand on the columnist's shoulder.

Don snorted. "Save your condolence for Benny Ratsoff. Personally, that dame gives me a pain. Yes, sir! Didn't she phone that two-legged arsenal to come out here and get me?"

"At my suggestion."

"What!"

"Yes. Rosie—or Fifi, as you prefer to call her—was Benny's childhood sweetheart. Their folks came over on the same boat. One of those rare true life romances."

"But I thought she just came from Paris," protested Jack Beerymore, who was always ready to butt into other people's conversations.

"Pure propaganda for the night club trade," said Good Old Bumpy. "She would have married Benny long ago, if he had quit his underworld activities. To that end she was using Don. She told me this the other morning in the garden when she asked for my help."

He had his audience now in the palm of his hand. Timothy had stopped whittling on the stock of his long rifle, and even Jerry Swancourt, who perpetually moved in his own personal fog, exhibited what for him was a marked degree of interest.

"So," continued Good Old Bumpy. "I explained about those little items in your column being just a boyish prank to get Benny in dutch

with her. And learning from her that Benny lives in terror of his old pal, Feets Murdock, I formed my plan. It went over with a bang, thanks to the fireworks Jerry bought for the Fourth of July." He glared at Timothy the valet. "You nearly spoiled it all with that blunderbuss!"

Timothy frowned. He was especially proud of his marksmanship.

"Mr. Ratsoff meant to shoot Mr. Gilholy, sir," he reminded Good Old Bumpy.

"But you might have killed Benny and ruined Rosie's romance. You have to be careful with those blunderbusses!"

Timothy started to retort, but Don Gilholy interrupted with a thought that had been disturbing him. "Won't Benny be back when he finds out Feets Murdock wasn't here at all?"

"He'll never find out. Rosie will use this ignorance to convince him that he won't be safe until he basks in the warm sunshine of South America. By this time next week, they will be honeymooning on the Caribbean, and planning to spend the rest of their days among the Gauchos and the pampas."

Reassured that a continent would hereafter separate him from the vengeance of the underworld, the columnist heaved a loud sign of relief.

"'Tis all well with all but me!" exclaimed Jack Beerymore, folding his arms and giving everyone a fine view of his profile. "I still lack the money to open my new play—"

Good Old Bumpy chuckled. "I'm sure we'll have a fat money order in a few days from Benny. He's convinced now that you're really Limehouse Louey, you know."

The actor lifted eloquent eyebrows. What Good Old Bumpy had said was true. Benny Ratsoff would believe now that he was, as advertised, Limehouse Louey, British triggerman, who went around with a sign "This Gun for Hire" hanging from his .44

Jack Beerymore turned towards his friend, Don Gilholy, the columnist, and grinned. In his eyes there smouldered the same baleful fires which he so successfully employed in that spine-chilling drama of vampires, *House of the Seven Ghouls*. . . . After all, money is money. . . .

THE END



The

# SKYMAN

By *Clyde Whitney*

IT LOOKS LIKE OUR RESCUE ROUTINE RAN INTO A RUT! THAT VENUSIAN SPACE CRAFT'S GOT US **CORNERED!**

By stalking along a snaking foot trail, left by the cowardly Conelli, Skyman and Alec hope to find the Venusian hideout where Fawn and the others are being held --- unknown to Skyman, his reunion with Fawn will take place in a matter of minutes, for she happens to be one of the "guests" aboard Captain Slogga's space craft, hovering overhead....

IN THE CRAFT'S CONTROL ROOM, SLOGGA SNAPS HIS CREW INTO ACTION....

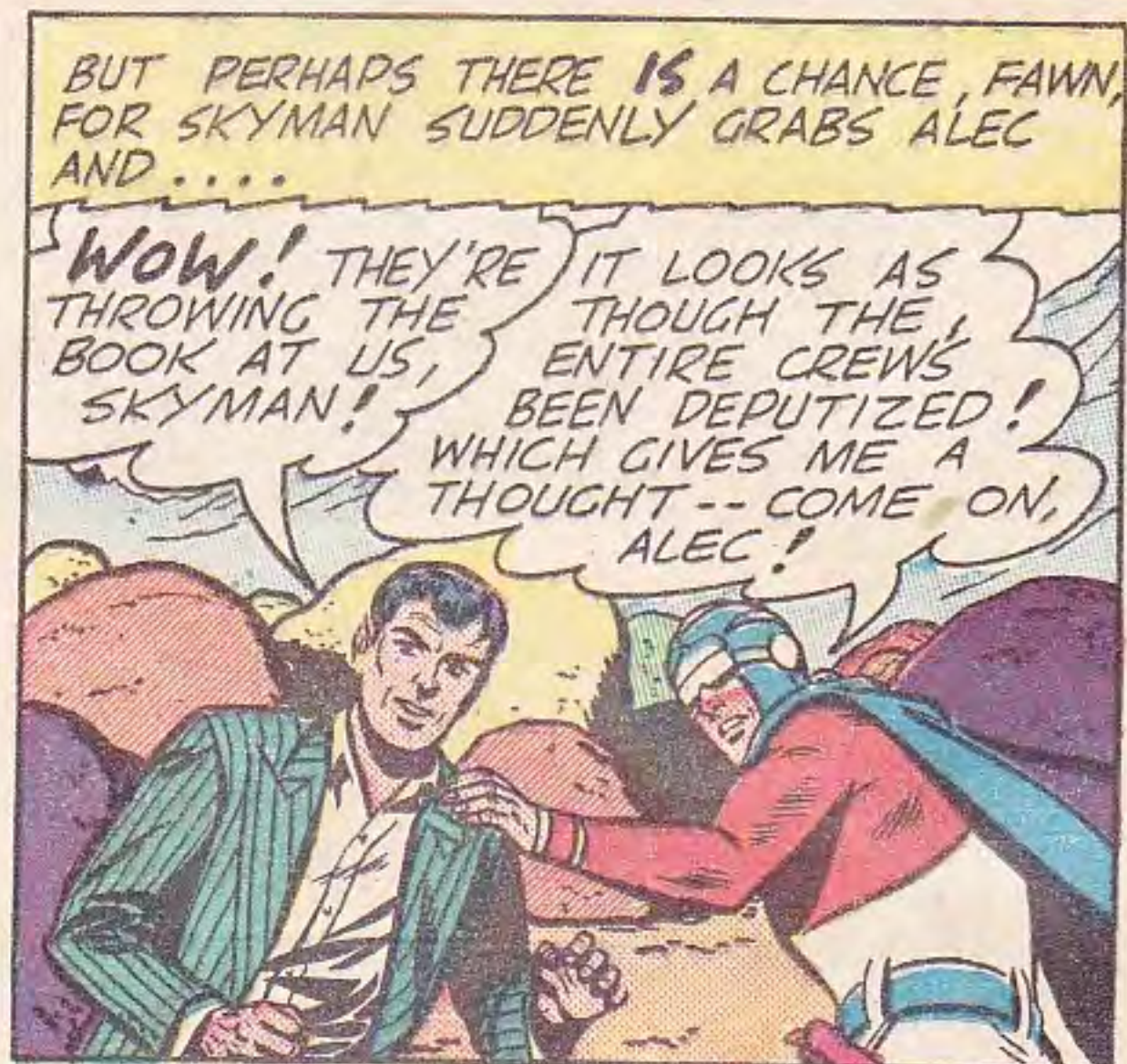
PREPARE TO LAND AND PICK UP THE STROLLING STRANGERS!

IT'S SKYMAN AND ALEC! THEY'VE FOUND US!

CORRECTION PLEASE, PRETTY ONE -- WE FOUND YOUR FRIENDS! EXCUSE ME WHILE I ARRANGE TO MEET THEM FORMALLY!

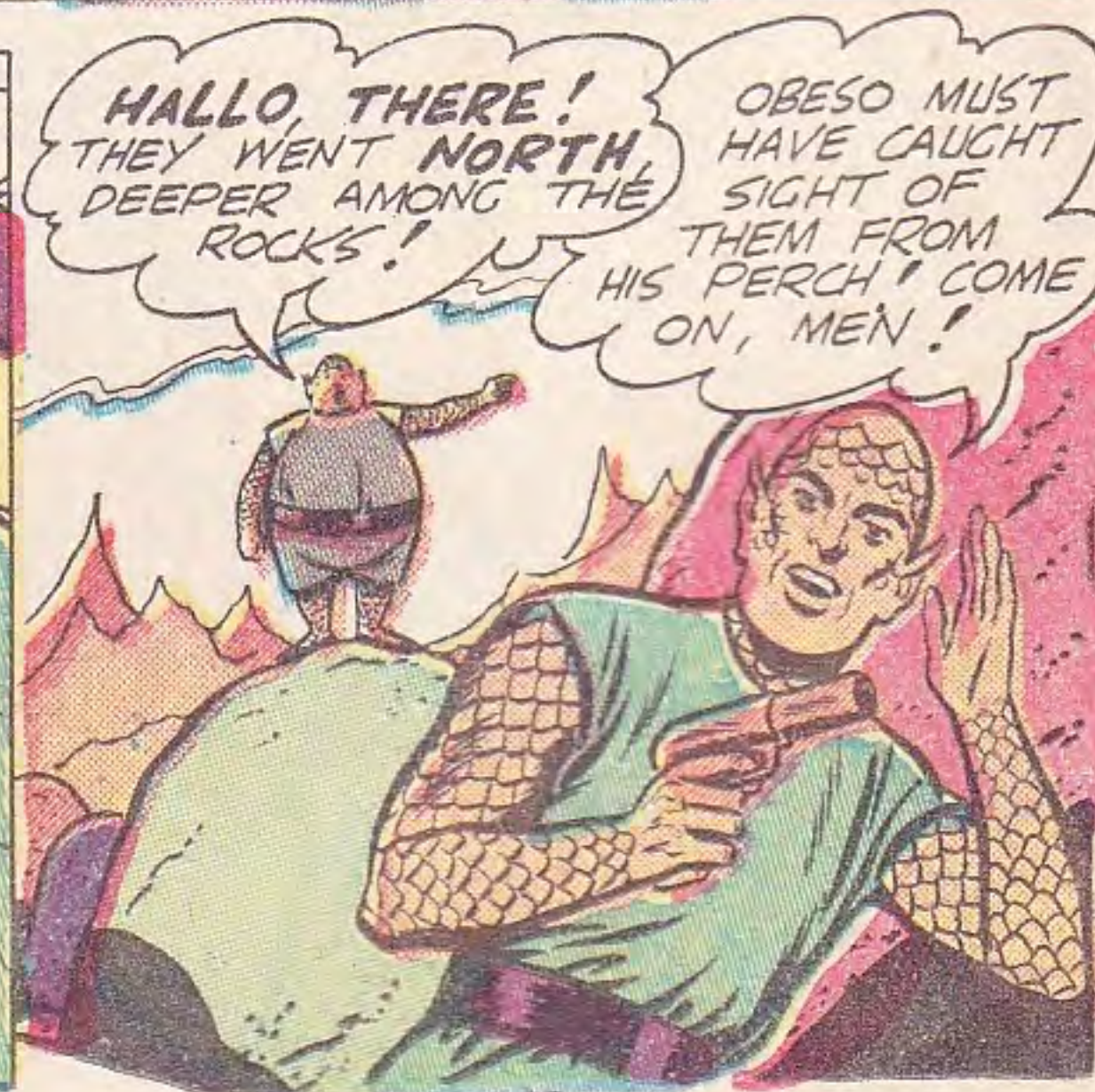


# BIG SHOT





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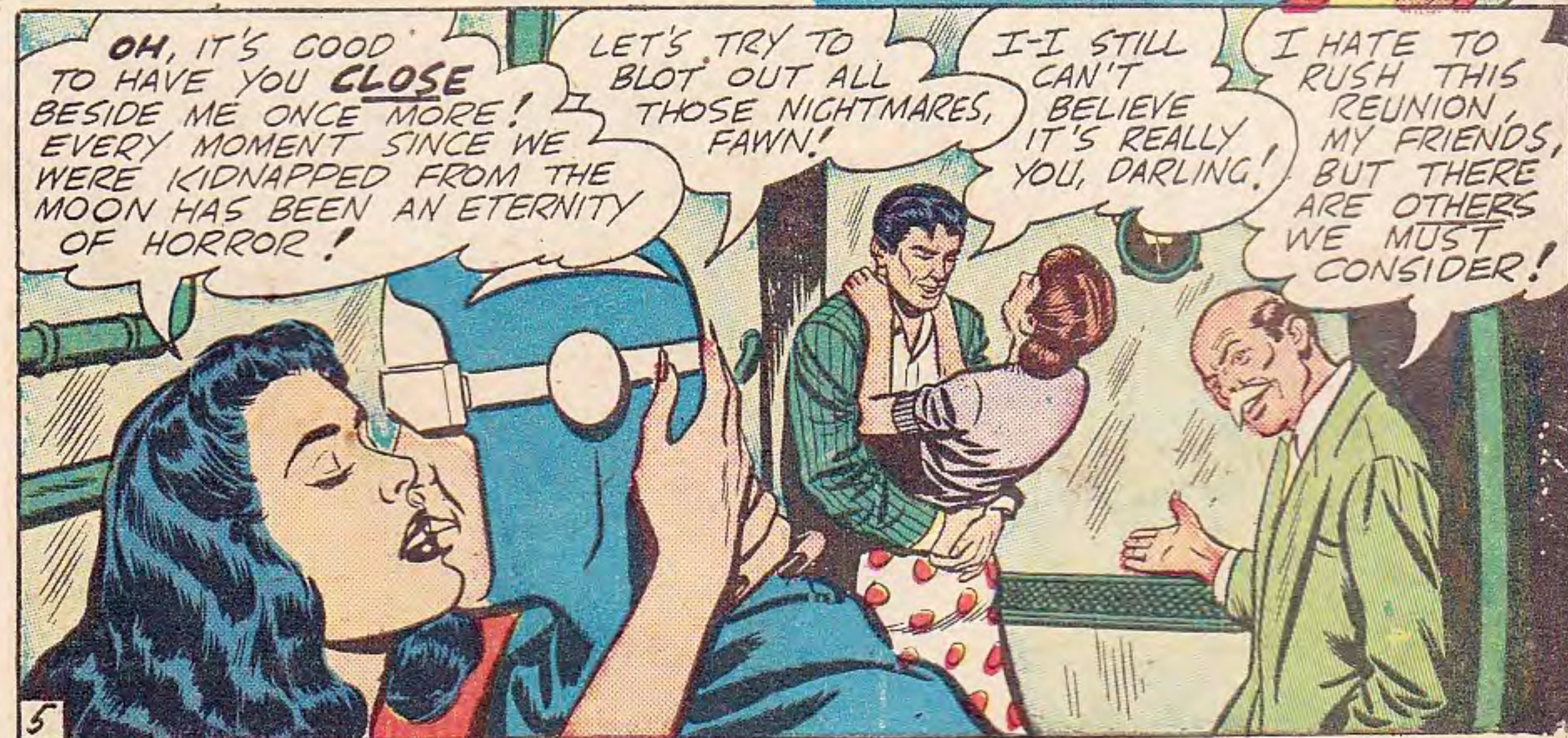




# BIG SHOT









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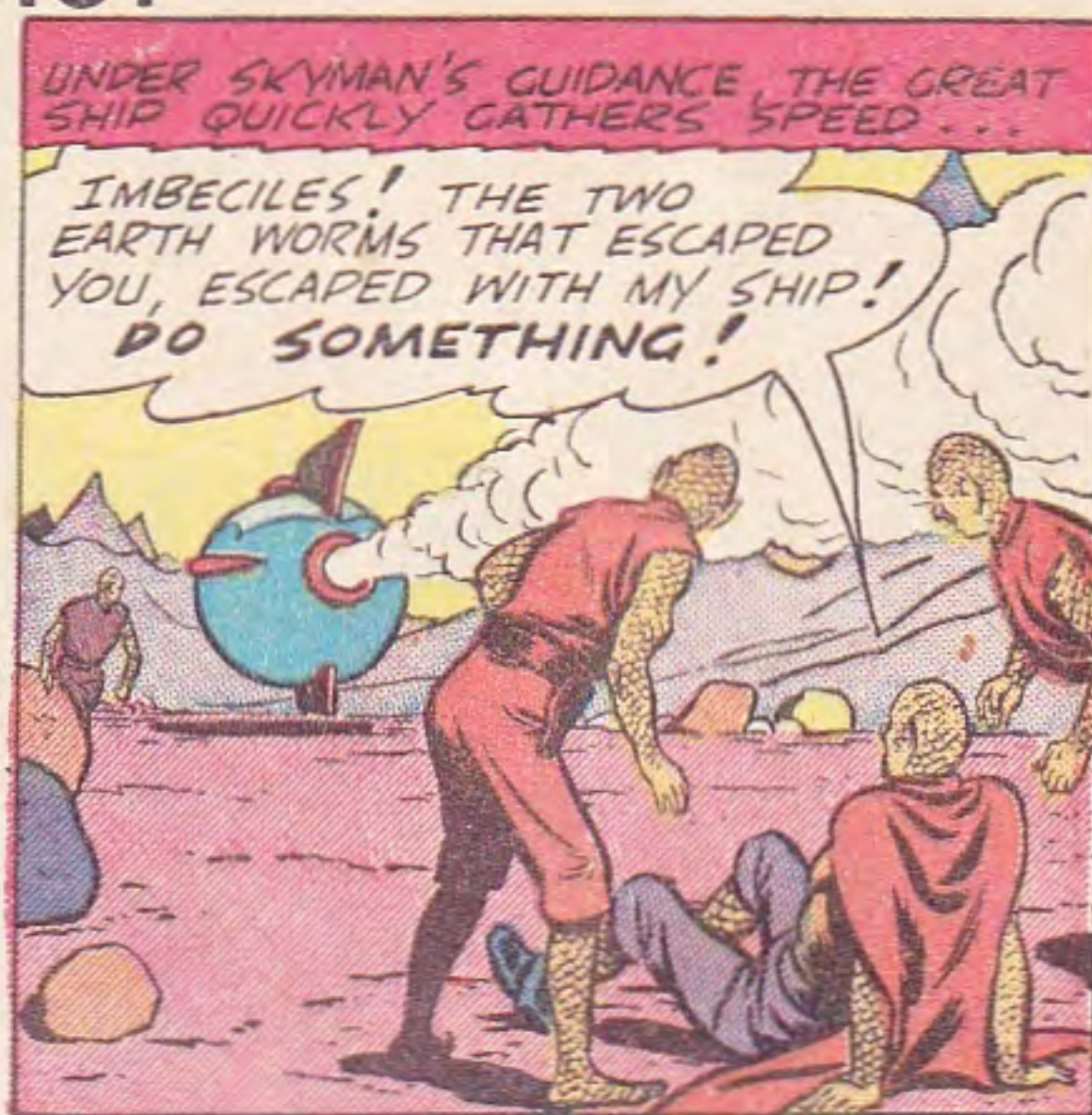


OTHERS?

YES! MR. TIMMONS' WIFE, THE NELSON COUPLE AND DEUCE WILDE! IT'S A LONG STORY THAT BEGAN WHEN ---

BETTER CUT IT SHORT, FAWN, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! THE

GUARDS RECOVERED FROM THEIR RUN-AROUND AND ARE HEADING THIS WAY!



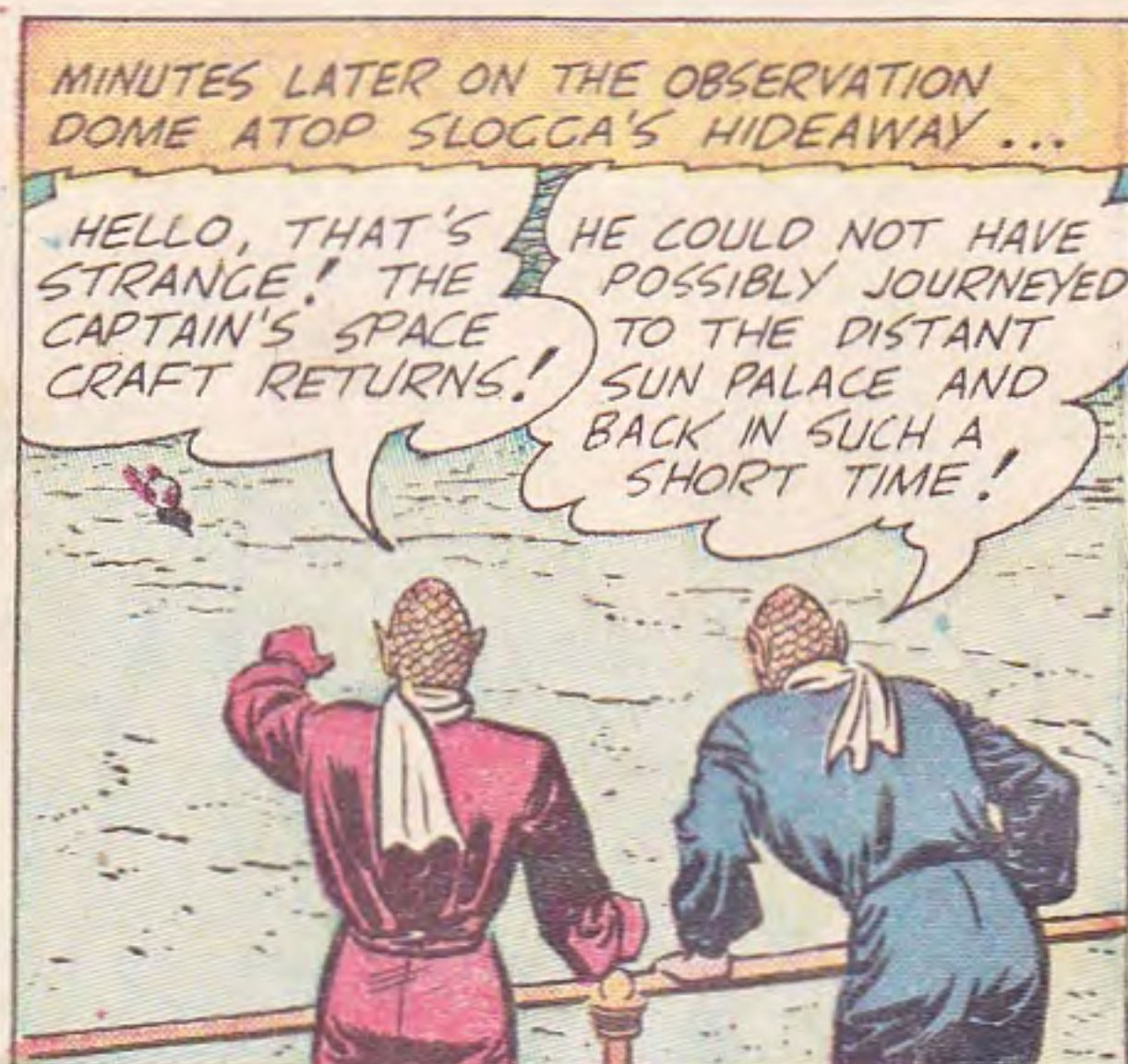
UNDER SKYMAN'S GUIDANCE, THE GREAT SHIP QUICKLY GATHERS SPEED...

IMBECILES! THE TWO EARTH WORMS THAT ESCAPED YOU, ESCAPED WITH MY SHIP! DO SOMETHING!



WHAT'S TO BE DONE, SIRE?

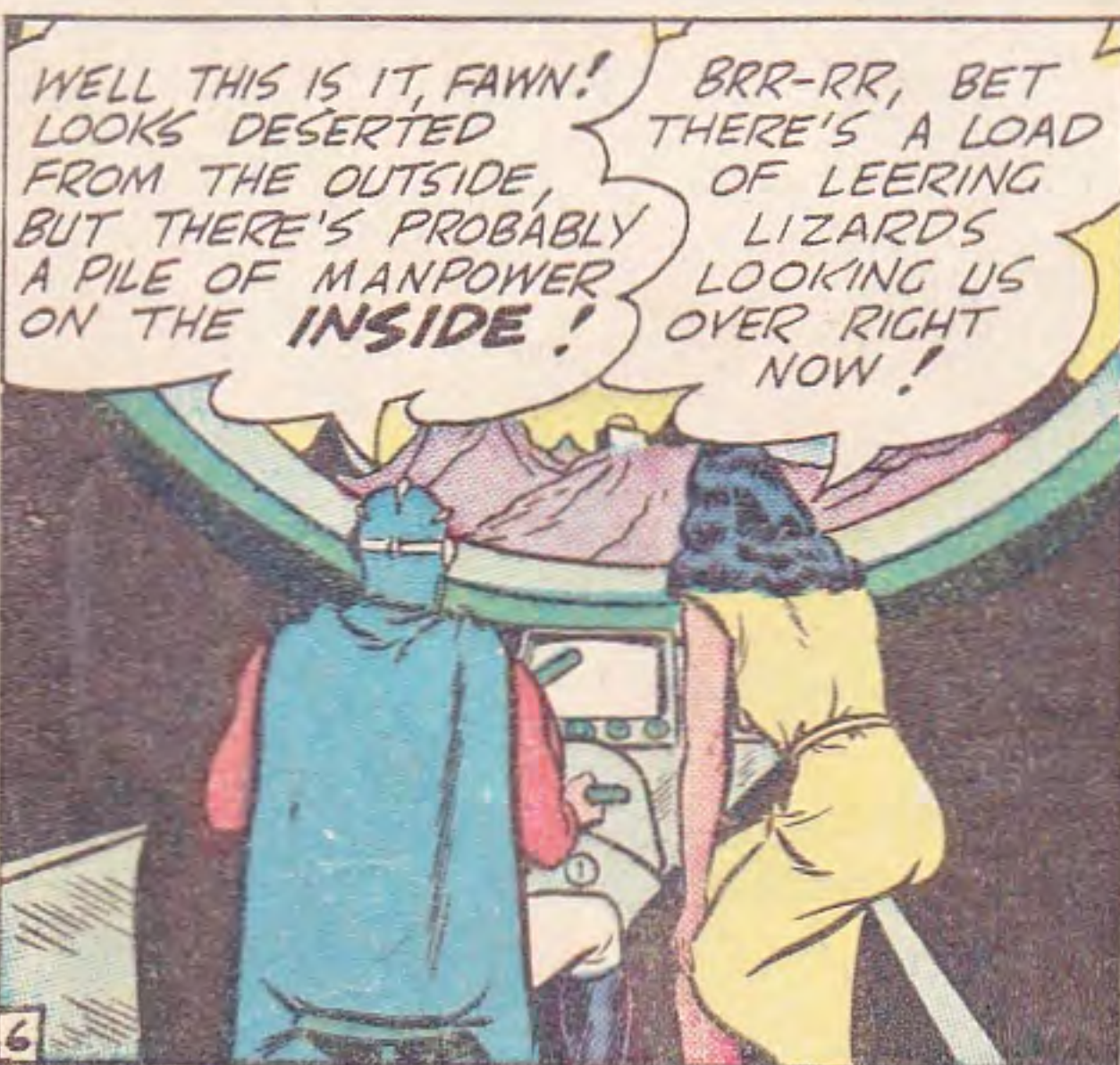
HEAD FOR THE HIDEOUT ON FOOT! PERHAPS WE'LL ARRIVE IN TIME TO SEE THE SLAUGHTER WHEN THOSE EARTHLINGS TRY TO CRASH OUR "HOME GUARD" IN AN EFFORT TO FREE THEIR FELLOWMEN!



MINUTES LATER ON THE OBSERVATION DOME ATOP SLOGGA'S HIDEAWAY...

HELLO, THAT'S STRANGE! THE CAPTAIN'S SPACE CRAFT RETURNS!

HE COULD NOT HAVE POSSIBLY JOURNEYED TO THE DISTANT SUN PALACE AND BACK IN SUCH A SHORT TIME!



WELL THIS IS IT, FAWN! LOOKS DESERTED FROM THE OUTSIDE, BUT THERE'S PROBABLY A PILE OF MANPOWER ON THE **INSIDE**!

BRR-RR, BET THERE'S A LOAD OF LEERING LIZARDS LOOKING US OVER RIGHT NOW!



HM-M---IF WE STEP OUT OF THIS SHIP, WE'RE LIABLE TO STEP INTO A BARRAGE OF BULLETS! ON THE OTHER HAND, IF WE DON'T PUT IN AN APPEARANCE, THE GUARDS'LL COME OUT TO INVESTIGATE!

*Bylen W. Whitney*

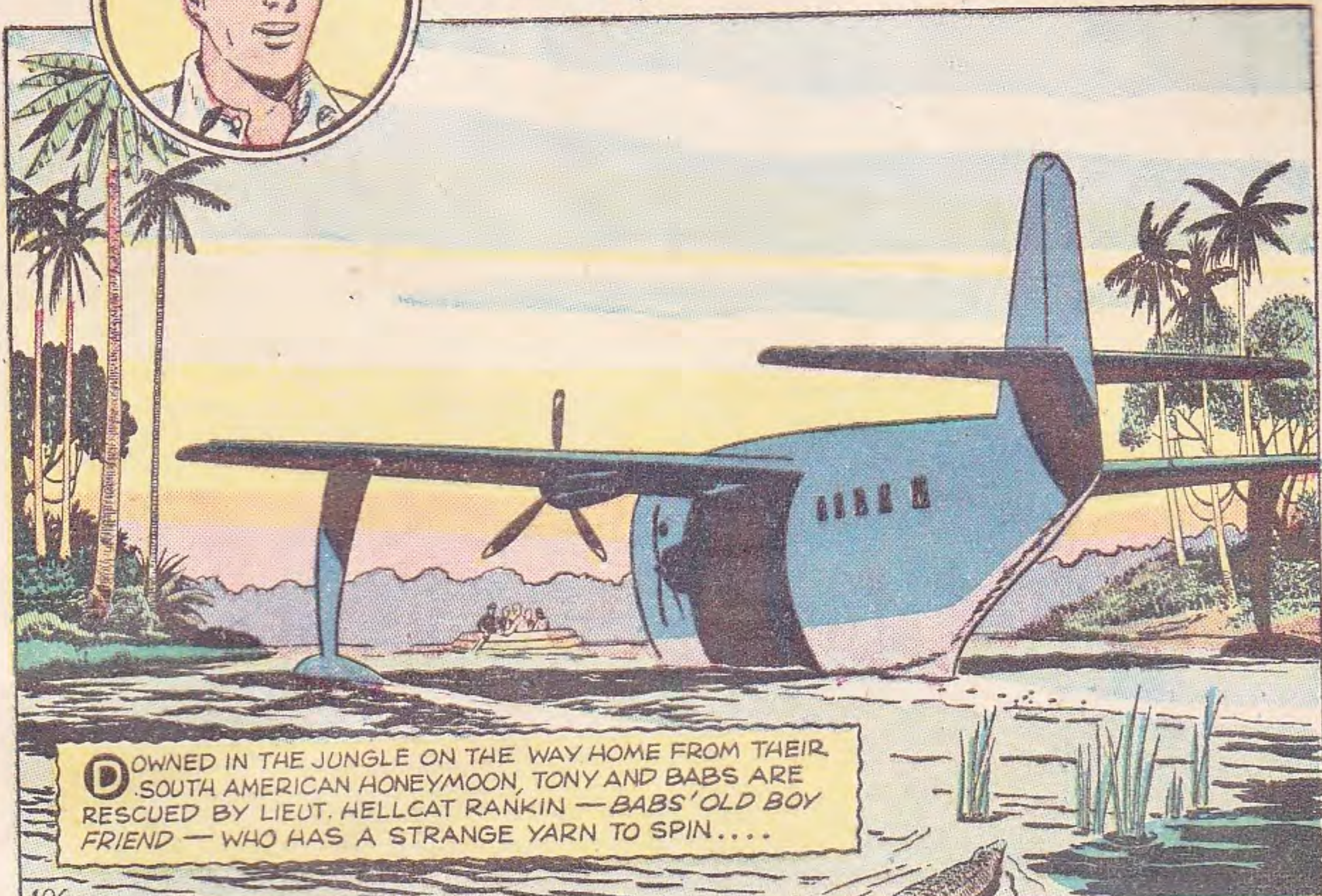
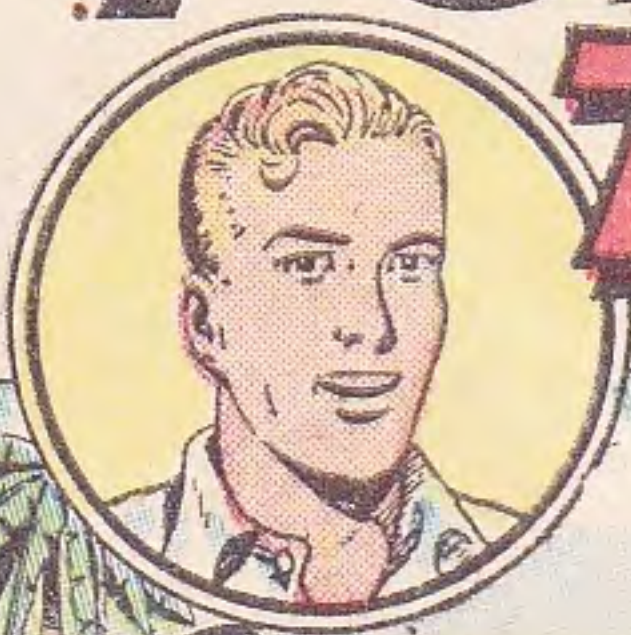
NEXT ISSUE... STRUGGLE FOR EARTH OR DEATH!



BIG SHOT

# TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



**D**OWNED IN THE JUNGLE ON THE WAY HOME FROM THEIR SOUTH AMERICAN HONEYMOON, TONY AND BABS ARE RESCUED BY LIEUT. HELLCAT RANKIN — BABS' OLD BOY FRIEND — WHO HAS A STRANGE YARN TO SPIN....

106.



MEETING UP WITH YOU AGAIN, HELLCAT, CERTAINLY IS A SURPRISE!

NOT HALF AS MUCH A SURPRISE AS I HAD A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO WHEN I RAN INTO A FRIEND OF YOURS, TONY —



AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE?

YES — THE FACE!



# BIG SHOT



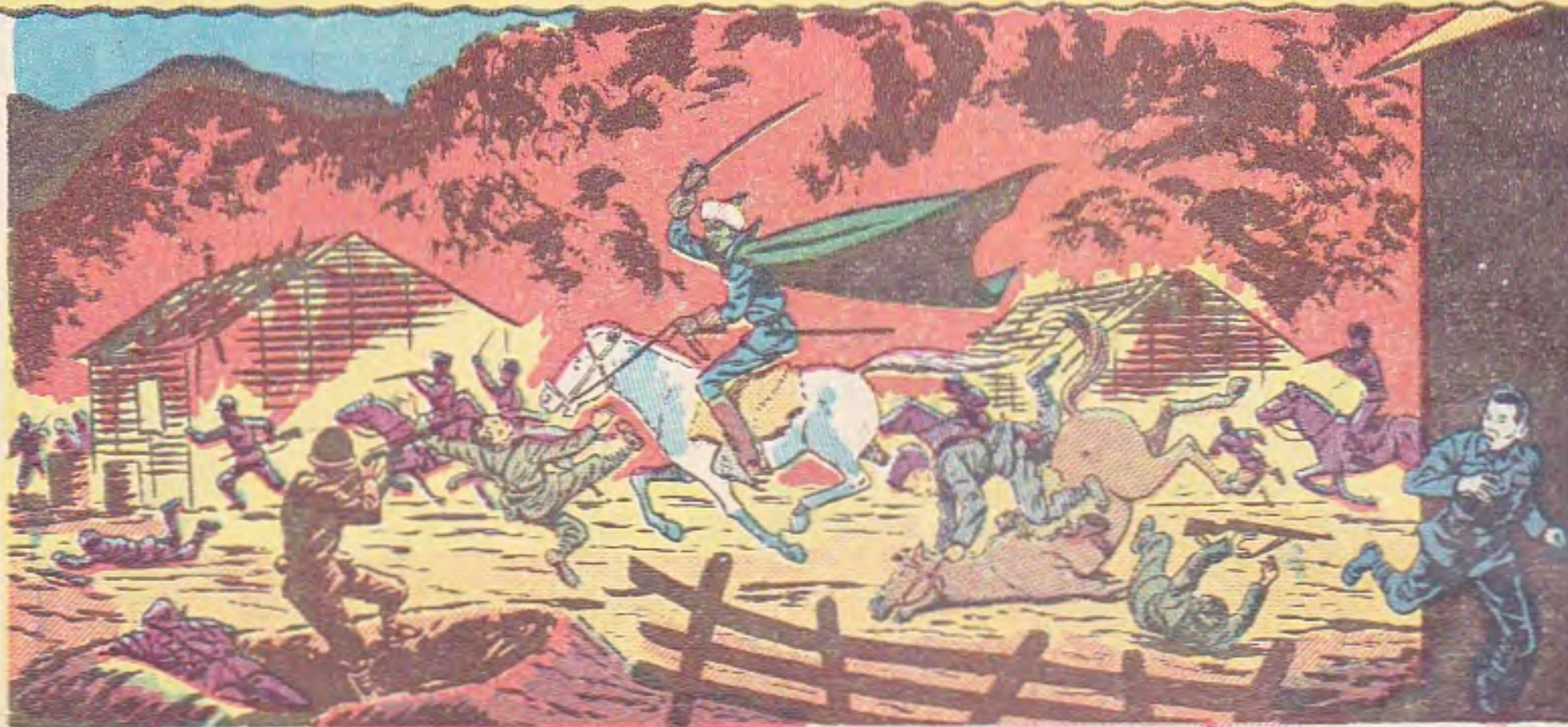
THE FACE? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

NOT AS IMPOSSIBLE AS YOU THINK, TONY....

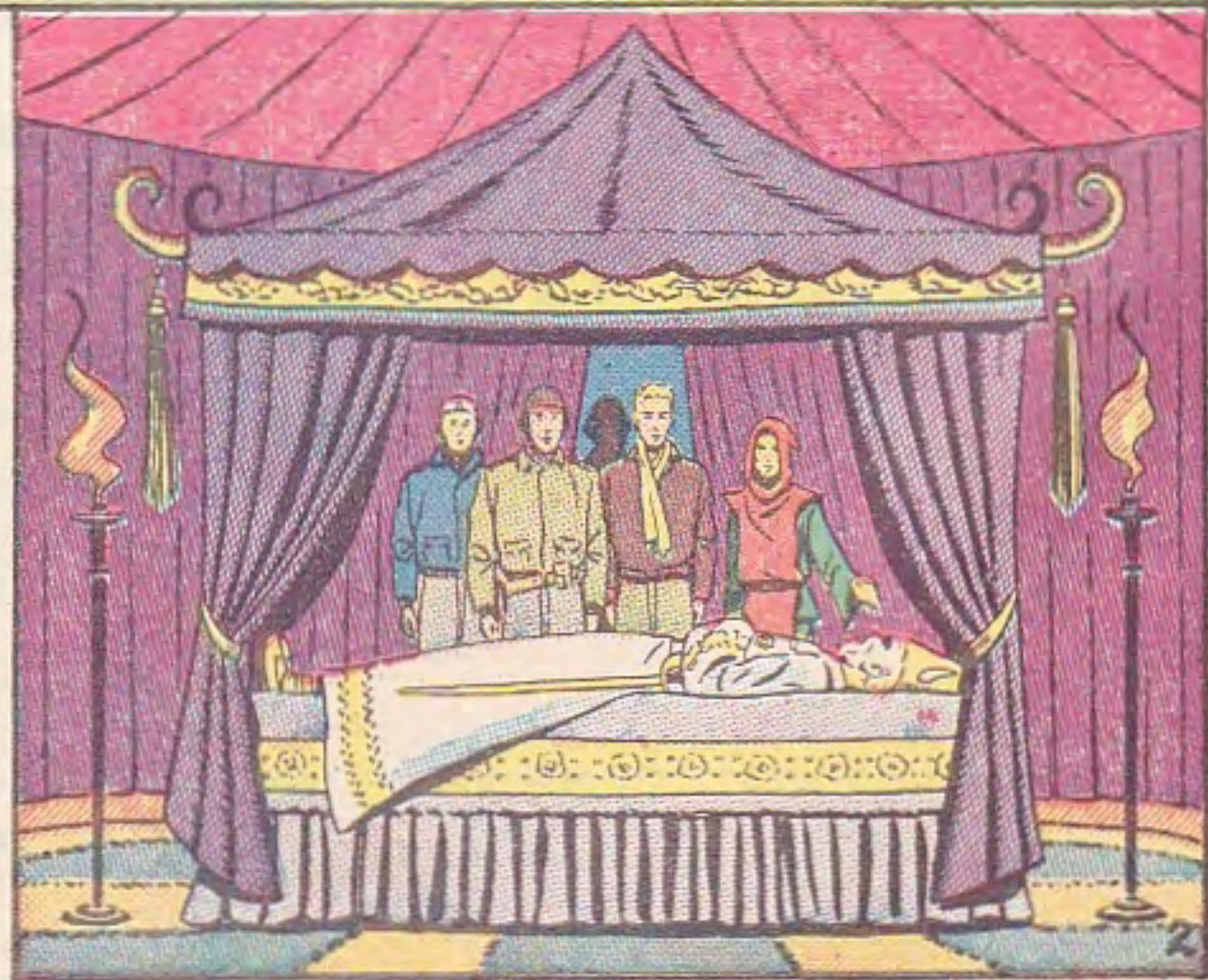


I KNOW THAT YOU ELECTRI-  
FIED THE WORLD OVER  
TWO YEARS AGO WITH  
YOUR REPORT OF THE  
DEATH OF THE FACE...

"HOW IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE WAR, YOU WENT IN SEARCH OF THE MYSTERIOUS GENERAL LEE-AHNG, THE SCOURGE OF JAPANESE TROOPS HOLDING OUT IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTH CHINA..."



"...AND FOLLOWING A FUNERAL PROCESSION UP A ROCKY SLOPE TO THE PEAK, YOU FOUND THE FACE, WHO HAD BEEN KILLED THAT AFTERNOON IN BATTLE..."





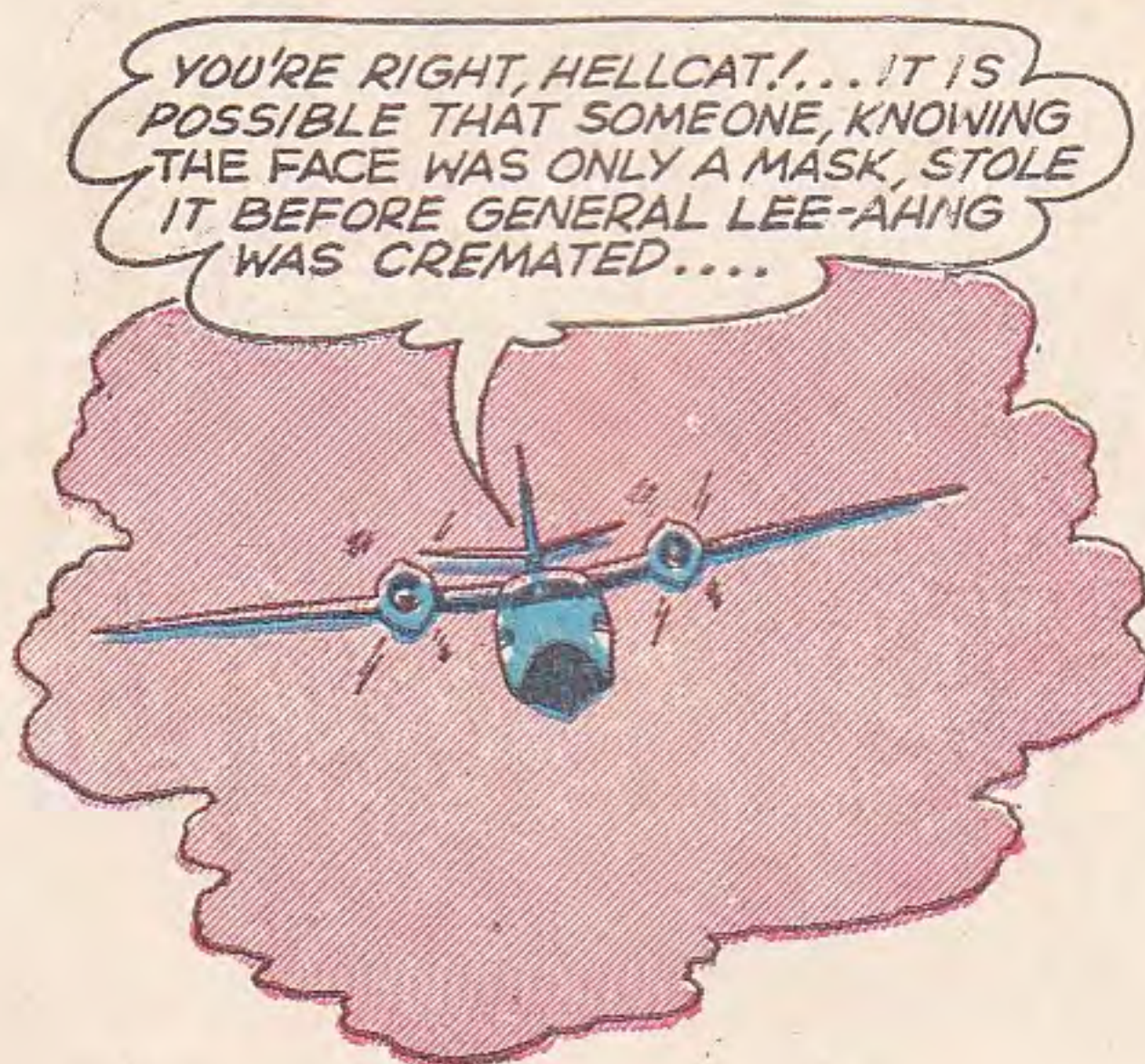
# BIG SHOT



"ANYWAY, YOU LEFT THE BIER OF GENERAL LEE-AHNG — ALIAS THE FACE — JUST AS THE FINAL CEREMONIES BEGAN..."

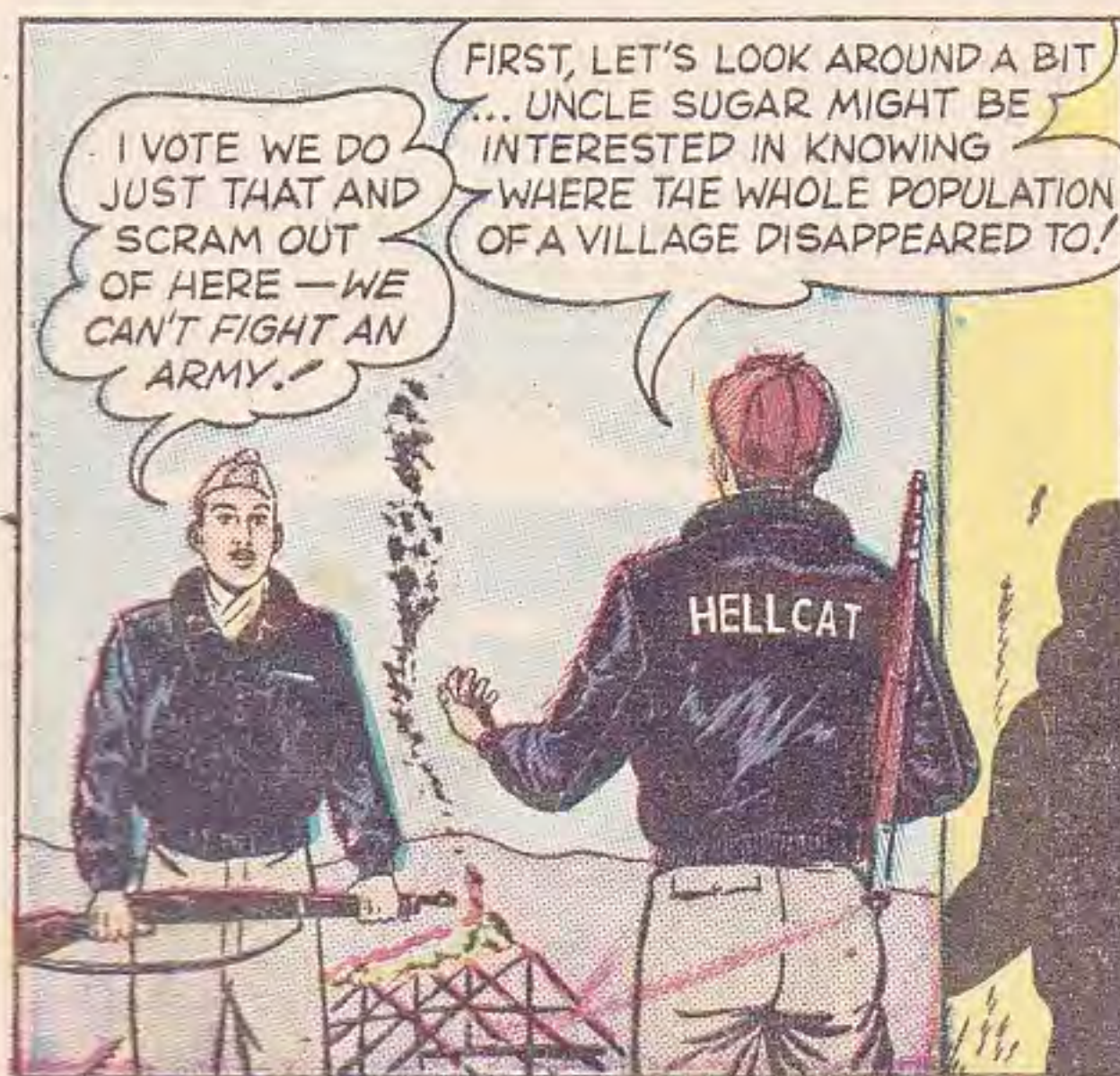
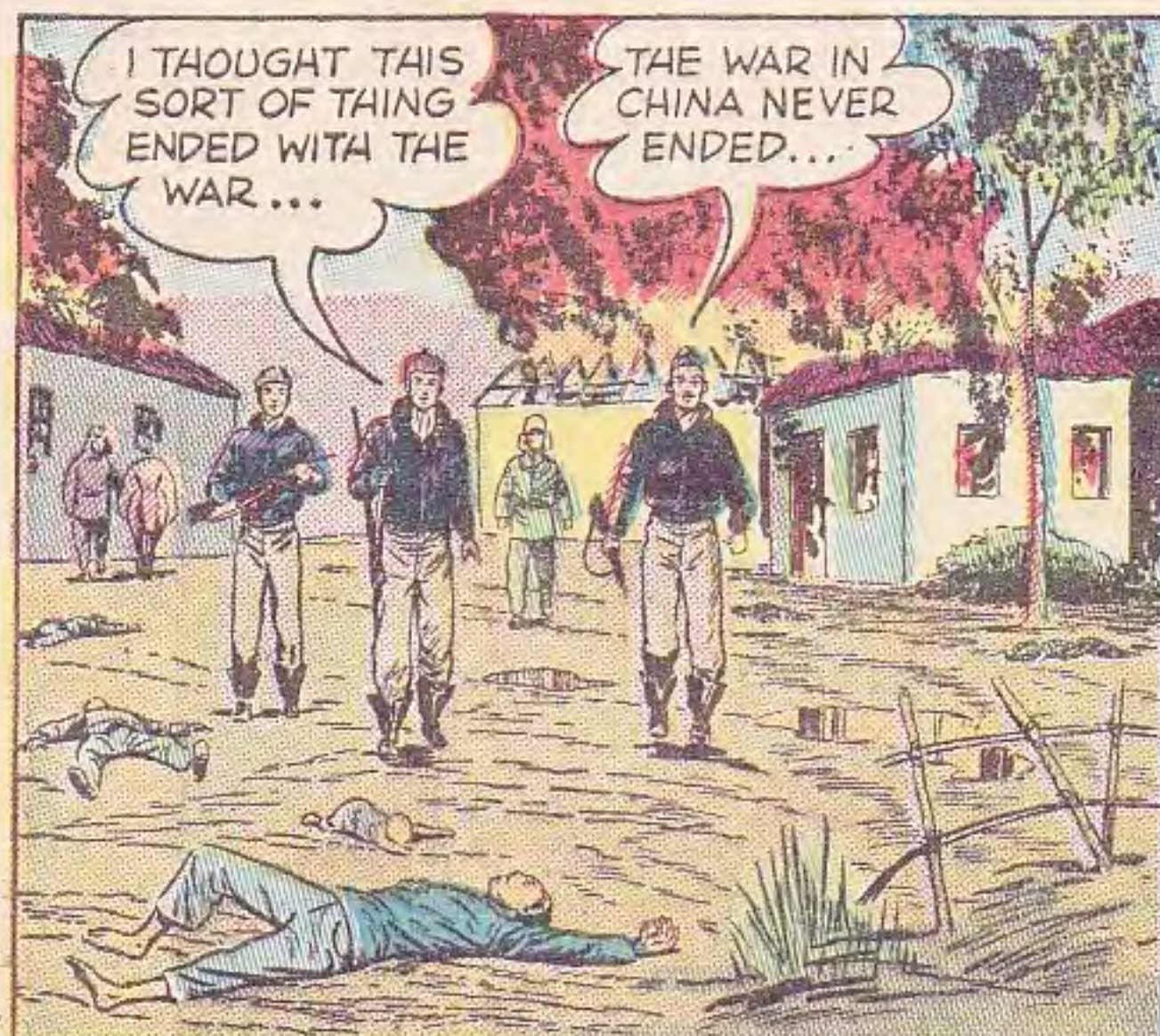


"AND SO, FROM THE VALLEY BELOW, YOU SAW A PUFF OF SMOKE, WHICH YOU THOUGHT WAS THE LAST FAREWELL OF THE FACE...."





# BIG SHOT



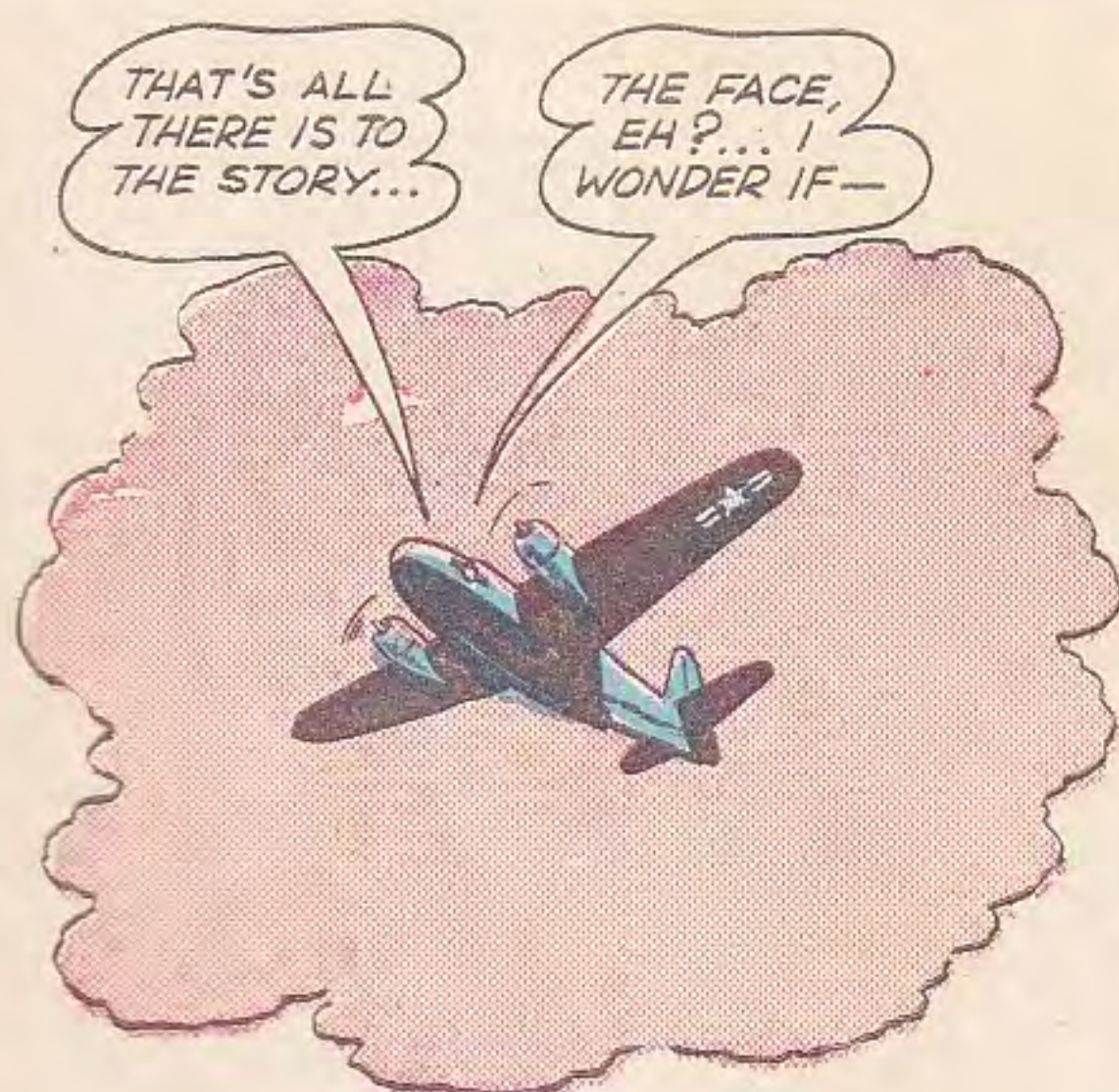
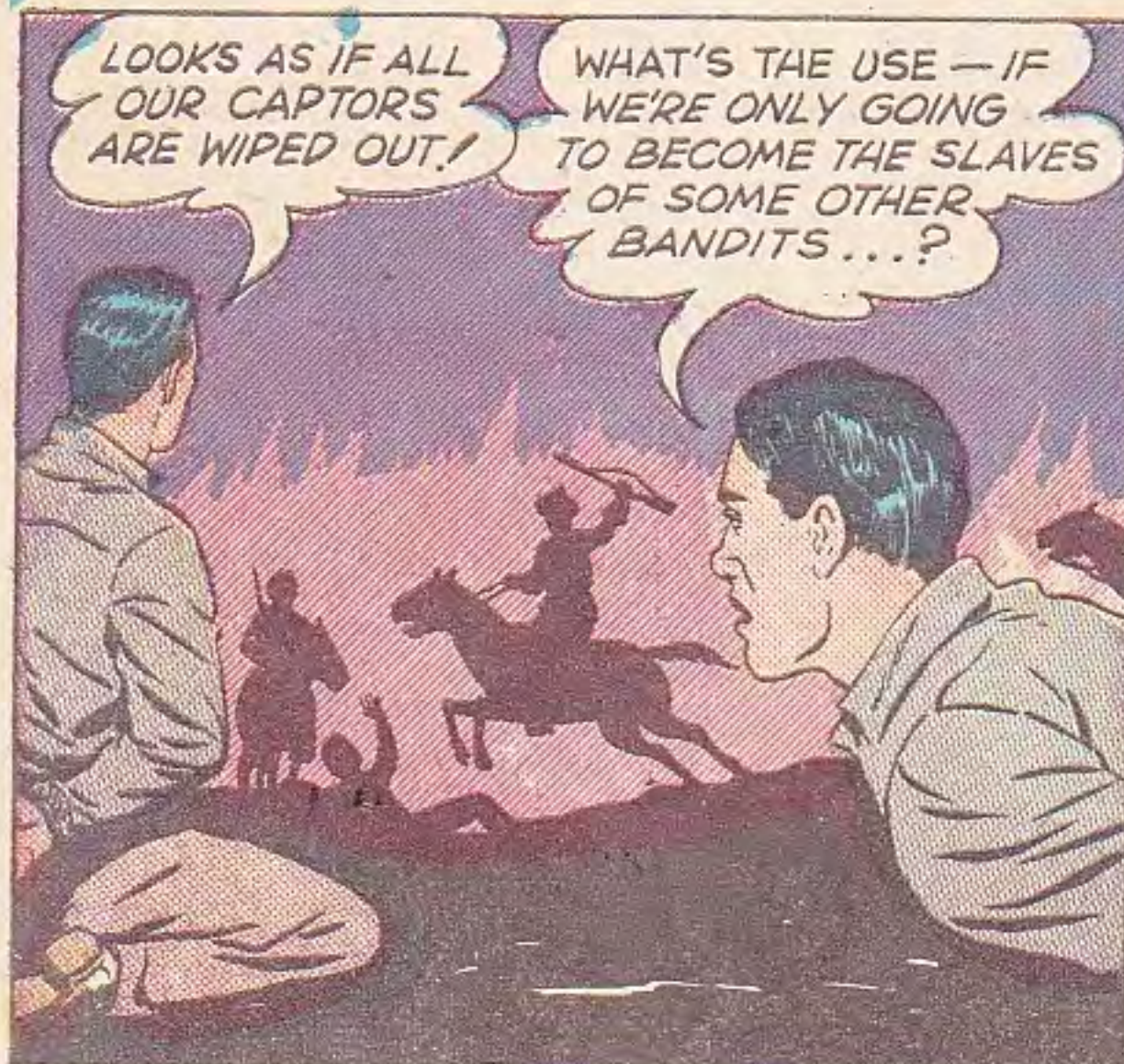
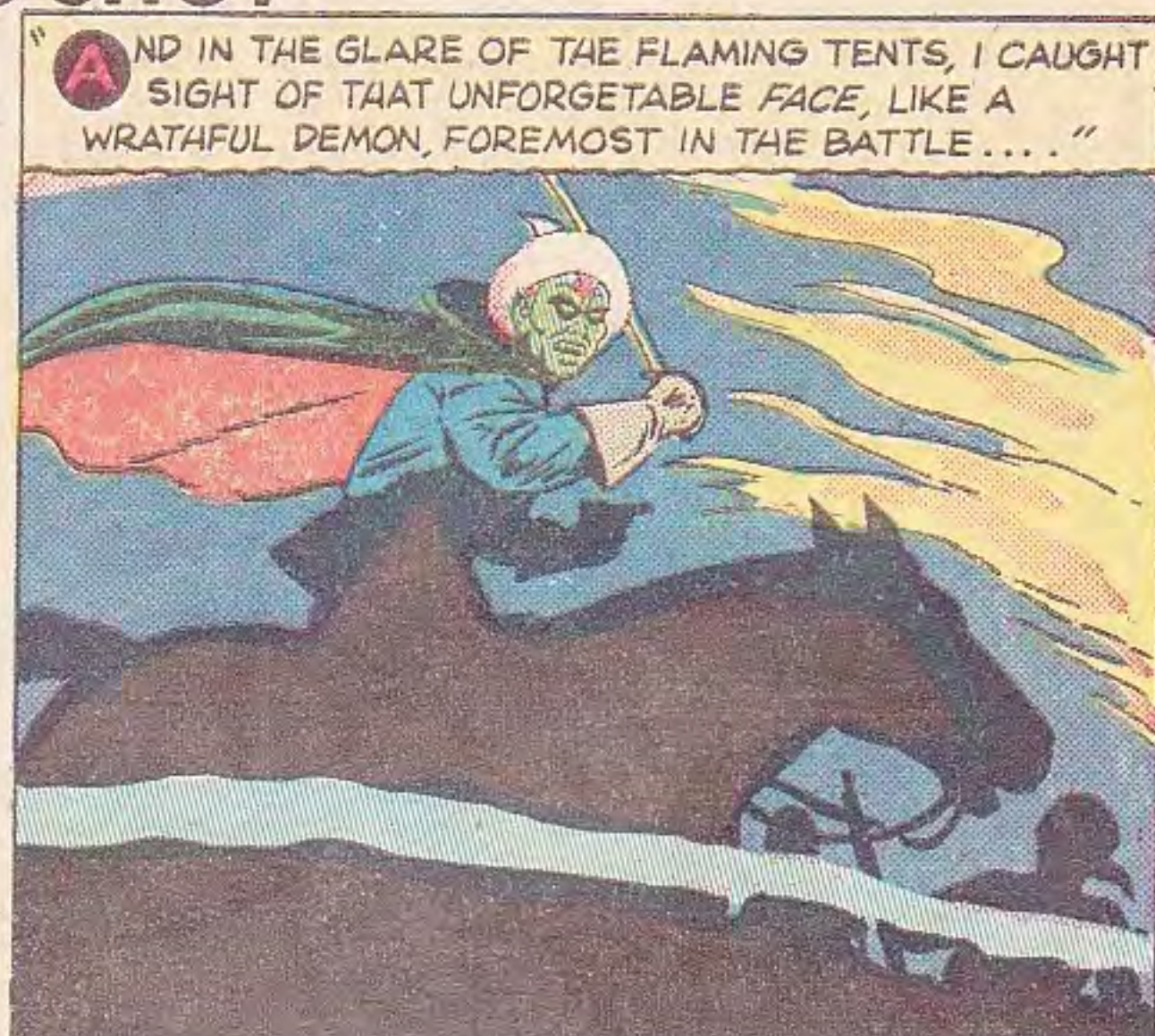


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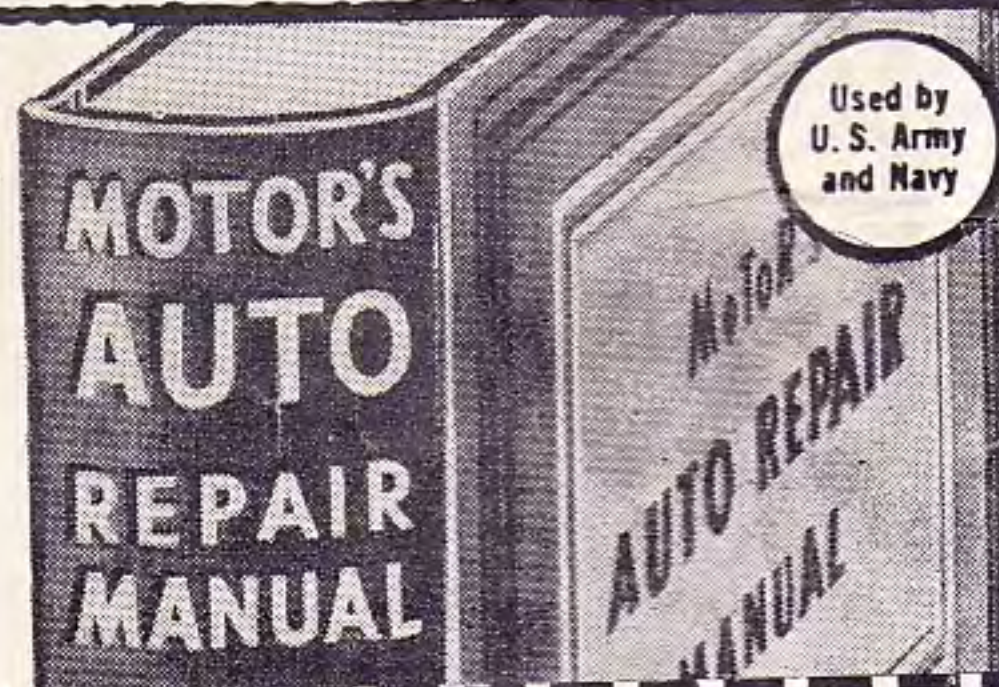


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